

# THE CONTINENT

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The LEADING FEATURES of this number are:  
"THE NORMANDY OF THE SEA" (Islands of Guernsey, Jersey and Sark). By Caroline Rollins Corson. (Illustrated, including a new portrait of Victor Hugo.)

Marion Harland's "JUDITH."

"CLE," a Love Story. By George W. Childs.

Helen Campbell's "WHAT-TO-DO CLUB," for Girls.

1883

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# THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 77.



VICTOR HUGO AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

## THE NORMANDY OF THE SEA.

"If I were to select a home on the other side of the Atlantic," said a friend to us one day, "I should go to Jersey or Guernsey; nothing more charming than these little islands!" We had heard them spoken of before, and always in words of praise; so, having a summer at our disposal, we concluded to spend it on the Channel Islands.

"*Tout chemin mene à Rome*," says the Frenchman, and in his estimation no doubt the old walled seaport of St. Malo, with its quaint local manners and customs, its crowds of fashionable summer visitors, and its fine bathing beach, is the proper point of departure. In the harbor of St. Malo one is more apt to encounter pleasant weather than on the wilder English coast; and days few or many may be very agreeably spent watching the funny long-eared donkeys drag bathing-machines up or down the wide beach. There is an odd tram-ferry at St. Malo, the like of which we never saw elsewhere. It

was a continual surprise to see this platform covered with passengers detach itself from the quay and move soberly across the harbor mouth to the opposite side. It is shown in the sketch at high tide. At low water the entire structure is seen resting on a railway truck, which in turn runs on rails laid across the harbor bottom. The tides are so high here that this mode of conveyance is very easy and convenient, and seems perfectly safe. The other sketch of St. Malo shows the beach in all the glory of the summer season.

If on the other hand the traveler finds it convenient to make his departure from England, he will ordinarily choose one of two routes—the Weymouth or the Southampton. The first is the shortest; the second the most comfortable. As there was every indication of stormy weather, we chose the first.

The coasts of the islands are dangerous, and the steamers, in order to secure a daylight arrival, leave the

English ports at midnight. It was close upon the hour of departure when we reached Weymouth.

"Going to the Islands?" asked a fellow-traveler, as we stood on the platform calling for a cab to take us to the pier. "Poor boats, the Weymouth boats. The Southampton steamers are much better."

What a faculty some people have for making one feel uncomfortable! "How badly you look!" they will say to a poor fellow who does his best to look well!

The night was pitch dark; the rain fell in torrents; the wind blew a hurricane, and the distant rolling thunder predicted anything but a fair passage.

"Are these people going to cross the channel on such a night as this! Goodness!" we heard bird of bad omen number two say as we drove off.

Our bravery was fast assuming a Bob Acres character. We felt it oozing, oozing away, and Falstaff's theory of discretion rose to a question of vital importance. At last we were told that we had reached the pier. It might have been any other place in the universe for all we could see, for there was nothing visible but darkness. A little flickering lantern struggled to show us the way to the Guernsey steamer. We followed it in the faint hope that it might not lead us into worse waters than were pouring on us from above. Thanks to the blackness of the night we were spared the discouraging aspect of the boat, its diminutive size, its dirty, slippery deck, its general look of discomfort; and finding at last a dry place to sit down on, we gave ourselves resignedly up to our fate.

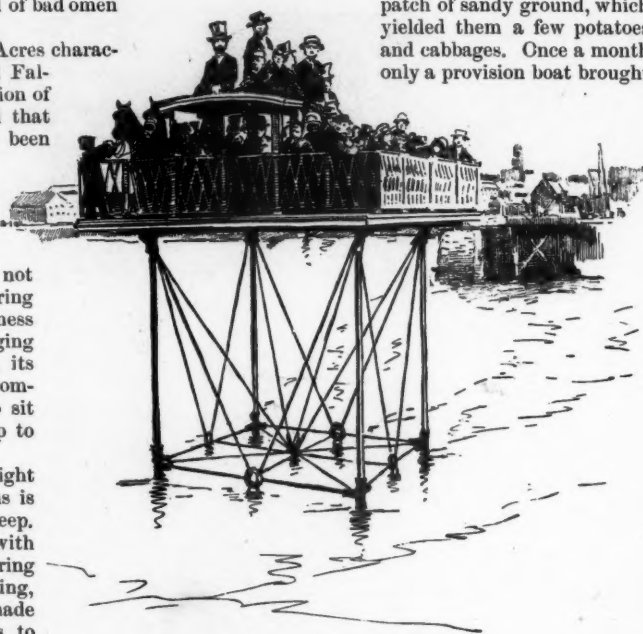
One of the few ways of cheating a midnight channel out of its unreasonable exactions is to take a hearty supper and then go to sleep. We succeeded with the first, but not with the second. The howling winds, the roaring waves, the boat creaking, sighing, whining, groaning under the fury of their lashing, made altogether such a deafening tumult as to thwart every effort in that direction. The little steamer danced on the tumbling waters as in all our sea-faring experiences we had never known steamer to dance before! The lustiest *chassez-croisez*; the most daring *entrechats*; the wildest *gavotte*, as if Amphitrite and Neptune had turned Bacchantes. No holding one's ground under such circumstances! The surrender was complete. After hours of untold agonies, at last the dawn broke; and gathering together what courage was left us, we went on deck to watch the approach to the Sister Isles. A misty morning it was; the fag-end of the night's storm still hanging heavily over it. Only sailor eyes could detect the far-off points of interest this curious archipelago has to show.

"Yonder," says one of the officers of the boat, kindly gratifying our curiosity, and pointing to a gray streak in the watery distance, "is Alderney. Those faint glimmerings you see beyond are the beacon-lights of the Caskets."

The Caskets had always had for us a weird significance; they seemed something wicked and cruel in the way of man. A granitic ridge of rocks, barren and desolate! How many a gallant vessel has met its fate on their ragged spurs! It was here that in 1120 Prince William, the only son of Henry I, was wrecked on the *Blanche Nef*; and it was here that he performed the one great deed recorded of him, namely, the attempt to

rescue his sister at the cost of his own life. The English ship *Victory*, a Russian line-of-battle ship, and many another noble vessel stand mournfully recorded in the annals of the Caskets. Though scarcely distinguishable in the foggy distance, we felt instinctively all the grimness of their aspect, and could scarcely believe the idyllic story the same young official told us in connection with them.

There lived, said he, for twenty-one years, on the largest of those rocks, a happy family—father, mother, sons and daughters—all engaged in the care of the light-houses, and taking turns watching at night. They lived by fishing and a small patch of sandy ground, which yielded them a few potatoes and cabbages. Once a month only a provision boat brought



TRAM-FERRY AT ST. MALO.

them supplies. The loneliness of such a life can scarcely be imagined. The oldest daughter of this Robinson Crusoe family went once to Alderney on a visit, and was so disturbed by the noise of the place that she had to return home. A young carpenter of that distracting little island, says the story farther, found subsequently the way to her heart, and brought her back as his wife. Might not that first bewilderment have been but a first-love alarm?

But both the Caskets and Alderney are soon lost to sight. We leave them on our left, and steer fast into port—St. Peter Port, the one town in Guernsey. Very favorable is the first impression we receive. There is work going on here. The number of warehouses on the quay, the boats and barks riding at anchor, the go-and-come of sailors, fishermen, porters, testify to a busy place; yet is there no rush, no haste: and we conclude, to judge from the slowness of our unloading and the phlegmatic movements of carriers, teamsters and drivers, that the St. Peter Port's business is carried on on a *festina lente* basis.

A number of one-horse carriages await the passengers at the pier. These vehicles, on four low wheels, are very much on the plan of the London hansom. They call them *chairs*. We hail one of them, and,



THE BATHING BEACH AT ST. MALO.

trusting to luck and the sagacity of our driver, we set out in quest of apartments. We were taken to Hauteville No. 81, and No. 81 Hauteville proved a windfall. The street, as its name indicates, is on a height—one of the many heights of the island—and our rooms overlooked town, sea and country—a panorama of paradisaical loveliness.

Some few years ago we visited the Normandy of William the Conqueror—the Normandy of France; we have come now to see the Normandy of England—the Normandy of the Sea. And not so much the country as the people, for it is the study of the people in their home-life that explains its history. Watch but the slow, iron-sinewed, heavy-minded Breton in his daily work, and you understand the stubbornness of the Vendean wars. What silent industry, sullen energy that of the broad-shouldered inhabitant of the Red-Cotton-Night-cap country! How persistent in his attachment to his low, thatched roof, his gloomy one-doored, one-windowed home! How through the long winter nights he sits ruminating over the past glory of those feudal castles, the ruins of which will ever represent to him, notwithstanding all republican forms of government, the dear and anointed sway of Bourbon sceptre! Yet many a great man and many a great name was made of that same stuff—the Duguesclins, the Duguaytrens, the fearless, blameless Bayards!

Traveling in a private conveyance from Dinant to Avranches a couple of years ago, I fell into conversation with my Breton driver. Here was a chance to test the progress of republican ideas in that portion of conservative France.

"Ah, well, *mon ami*, times have changed," I said. "We have done away with the old, tattered white flag—we sport the tri-color—we are good, staunch republicans!"

He smiled. "Yes, yes; we are republicans." I distrusted the smile; there lurked a doubt behind. "And business is twice as brisk?" I continued. "Twice as brisk," he repeated. "And pays twice better?"

"Pays twice better."

"In those stupid old Bourbon times you could scarcely tell beef from mutton, I fancy, having so few chances to taste either?"

He laughed. "Oh, no; not quite that bad, madame."

"But now," I continued, "you can afford to have meat every day."

"Humph!"

"No?"

"Not at Dinant."

"Why not?"

"The butchers, you see, have it all their own way now. Formerly there was a tariff—now they are free to charge what they please; and as they are all bent on getting rich, there is little chance for the poor having their Sunday roast."

The good King Henry IV flashed through my mind, with his royal promise that every peasant in his realm should have a hen to roast for his Sunday dinner.

"You don't regret the late emperor though?" I ventured again.

"No, no; not the emperor—the republic is better; but—"

"But?"

"But I wish we had a Louis Philippe to make the butchers mind."

Very similar in character to the Breton and Norman are the Channel-Islanders. They were originally the same nation. It is claimed by some antiquarians that Jersey was once connected with the main land, and that a good walker could make the distance between



St. Hélier and Coutances in a day. The language also has retained its hold upon the people. It is a sort of Norman French, and with certain modifications is still universally spoken among the peasantry of the different islands; it is the same Norman in which old Richard Wace wrote his Chronicle. At Alderney it has been somewhat affected by the English, and in Jersey by the French, but in Guernsey the old language is still fully represented. How these islands, in their constant intercourse with France, have remained politically so loyal to England may, perhaps, be explained by that peculiar constancy of character which distinguishes the Celts, Anglo-Saxons and Normans. Like their devil-fish, what they have once grasped they never let go again. The number of Druidic monuments found on the islands indicate sufficiently that they were originally inhabited by Celts. The mounds of earth from which these monuments were gradually disinterred, show again that they were next in possession of the Romans. The occupation of the islands by the latter is fully attested. The Petite Césarée, near Rozel, and Cæsar's Fort, in Jersey, were both Roman encampments.

At the end of the fifth century, the Channel Islands were, like France and England, invaded by the Saxons, Danes and Normans; and under the reign of the weak Charles the Simple they were ceded in 912 to Rollo, chief of the Northmen, along with the Normandy of the Seine, to form him a dukedom. Very curious indeed is the ancient usage, still in force in Jersey and Guernsey, which bears testimony to this fact. It is the famous *Clameur de Haro*, or Cry of Haro. *Ha!* the ejaculation of a person suffering, and *Ro* a contraction of Rollo, intended to mean: *Ha-Ro! à l'aide mon prince!* This usage was formerly common in Normandy, and much discussed by writers on the Norman laws. It is still practiced in Guernsey, and in the following manner: When an individual finds that his neighbor or any other person is encroaching upon his property by the erection or demolition of a wall or other structure, or by committing any other sort of trespass, he repairs to the spot accompanied by two witnesses, before whom he orders the aggressor or his agent to desist by invoking the name of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy. "*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide mon prince!*" and by saying to the antagonist: "*Je vous ordonne de quitter cet ouvrage!*" by which it is said he must instantly desist, or become liable to be punished for a breach of the peace and a contempt of the king's authority, the property being supposed to be brought under the king's special protection from the moment the cry is made. The aggrieved party having thus availed itself of the *Clameur de Haro*, which has the advantage of stopping immediately all further proceedings, must next appear before the bailiff with a written declaration of the particulars of the case, and the matter is then brought before the court in the shape of an action.

It was with the conquest of England by William the Norman that the Channel Islands, as a part of the Duchy of Normandy, were brought for the first time under the same government with Britain. A number of great Jersey and Guernsey families—the de Carteret, de Rozel, de Paisnel and others figure on the roll of Duke William's invading army. But on William's death, when England was left to William Rufus, and Normandy to Duke Robert, the islands were separated from England. They were again reunited to it in the following reign, after the battle of Tinchebray, when Robert was obliged to give up all his territories to his usurping brother. During Stephen's reign they were considered a part of Normandy, but on Henry II's ac-

cession to the throne they were definitively joined with England. King John gave them a constitution; they next obtained the privilege of neutrality. This they lost again in the reign of William III. During the war of the Roses, under the Tudors, and in the great rebellion of 1642, they proved staunchly English and loyal to the crown. They are fairly bristling over with old castles, strongholds, forts of every kind, each with its private history of warfare to tell; yet always in the cause of England; for, as they express it in a congratulatory address to William and Mary, "though their language was French, their hearts and swords were English."

Ecclesiastically they are under the Bishop of Winchester. The local governing body is "the States." Legislative measures are discussed by the States, but only become law after they have received sanction and confirmation by the Queen in council. Jersey and Guernsey are not united by one governing body. The States of the latter legislate only for Guernsey and the other small islands. The chief magistrate is the Bailiff, who is appointed by the Crown. This ancient office is descended from the time of the Normans. The Bailiff still swears on taking office to "*Faire droit au peuple, baillant et délivrant à un chacun bonne et briève justice, au petit comme au grand, au riche comme au pauvre, sans exception, de personne gardant le droit des veuves, orphelins, étrangers et autres personnes in défendues, autant qu'il lui sera possible.*" The Bailiff appoints an Under-Bailiff, to act in his absence. Under the Bailiff are fifty members, who compose the Assembly, Jurats, Rectors, Constables, Deputies. The two Crown officers—the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General—have no vote, but possess the right of addressing the Assembly. The judicial body is the Royal Court of twelve jurats or judges, elected by the people. The military force of the island is under the Lieutenant-Governor, a title first granted by King James I.

The salaries of the officials are very small. They vary from £50 to £300, the salary of the Bailiff. These officers have therefore to depend chiefly on their professional business for a living.

It will be seen by this that the government of the Channel Islands is as independent as (saving the republican form) government may be made. They have also, though on a small scale, done what our own country has done—they have offered hospitality to all the desolate and oppressed, without distinction of race, creed or language.

We were soon made to feel at home in our cosy apartments. Mrs. Freckers, our landlady, was a happy combination of the better class of French and English housekeepers. She united the qualities of both, although decidedly English in her feelings. Whilst rigidly economical (we experienced the good of this in our weekly bills), her economy had none of the miserly scantiness, practiced in English lodging-houses. She had caught from her French neighbors some of their enviable *savoir faire*, and learned the art of doing much with little. Very deftly assisted was she in the management of her house by a bright-eyed Sark girl, Louise. Louise was our admiration. Up with the lark, at work all day, and ever within call. She reminded us of Jacotol, that Swiss prodigy of a waiter. Like him, she had the faculty of being in several places at once. We sometimes took pleasure in watching her movements while setting the parlor aright or laying the table. There was never any indecision in them. Her taste, moreover, in arranging things was of the delicate kind; she had the sense of harmony. Her mistress' furniture and

china would scarcely have made the show it did under any other hand. But Louise was also the most positive of creatures. The clock was her regulator, and our disposition to loaf and roam at will found little mercy with her. She prided herself at having her meats cooked *à point*, and meant we should eat them so. What these two women, Louise and her mistress, accomplished every day in the way of work was something marvelous. We shall never forget the pleasure with which we looked at our linen when, at the end of our first week at Hauteville, it was brought to us, snow-white under its pink gauze covering.

"You have a French laundress, Mrs. Freckers," we

found in the market-house. Saturday is the day—the winding-up day of the week's work—for very good church-folk are the Guernsey people. No trace of French principles there. Sunday is eminently a day of rest and good behavior with them. The market-house is the finest public edifice of the town. It is of recent date, and stands on the town-square before the town-church. We took it at first for the City Hall, so lofty and magisterial a front did it present. The fish department is particularly interesting—a study for both ichthyologist and artist. On shining black marble tables lie in motley array the lordly turbot, the humbler rock-fish and flounder, the cod, mackerel, plaice,



PRINCE'S TOWER—GUERNSEY.

said to the good lady, who stood smiling by, enjoying our satisfaction.

She laughed. "A French laundress! We pride ourselves on being much better laundresses than the French, Louise and I," she replied.

"You don't mean to say that Louise and you have done all this washing and ironing?"

She nodded yes. "And not only yours, but that of all the lodgers!"

The ruffles, laces and trimmings were absolutely laundry fine-art.

"Ah, madame," continued she, "it's all a notion, this fine French washing and ironing. At the end of three months your newest linen falls to pieces. Chlorine! potash! whew! No such tricks with us! We use our hands!"

After such an evidence of superior civilization we became especially interested in the home-life of these good islanders, and missed no opportunity to acquaint ourselves with their mode of living.

A good opportunity to study the peasantry is best

skate, mullet, brill, whiting, the golden gurnet, the pilchard, etc., etc., but most conspicuous among all and in greater profusion is the conger-eel. You see it sometimes stretched out its whole length, like a young sea-serpent; sometimes cut in big cylindrical lumps. The Guernsey housewives buy them this way very extensively for soup, for there is not the prejudice here as in Scotland against the *fou' sairpent thing*.

In vegetables and fruit the Guernsey market may vie with any of the larger markets of Europe. Its farm produce is the finest of its kind. Then again the people that throng the place are particularly interesting. From the highest to the lowest there is the same agreeableness of features and gentleness of manners. The Guernsey ladies, of whatever rank, do their own marketing. No better chance to judge of their looks than at that early six o'clock market hour. They have charming complexions, transparent as rose-leaves.

We tried one day sportively to pick out from the crowd its several class-divisions, for society in the little islands is as marked in its separate ranks as in England.



It is divided, curiously enough, into *Sixties*, *Forties* and *Twenties*. This classification originated a hundred years ago, at the building of Assembly Rooms for social gatherings. The first society of the island numbered then about sixty persons, who alone had right of admission—hence the appellation *Sixties*. The middle-class, though more numerous, modestly styled itself next the *Forties*. The third in order was called the *Twenties*.

Victor Hugo, with his republican proclivities, did not much sympathize with these things, and ridiculed them in various ways. In one of his works—I forget now which—he jocosely subdivides the *Twenties* into *Voisin Pierre*, *Père Pierre*, *Sieur Pierre*, *Messer Pierre*, *Monsieur Pierre*. The sense of rank, however, is in the very blood of the English, and neither evangelism nor caricature will ever eradicate it. The butler snubs the footman, the cook the scullion, the butcher the street-vender, and so on through all the ramifications of the trade; aye, and of the professions also. Yet does this in no wise interfere with good feeling and peaceableness. The people look prosperous and happy; one scarcely ever meets paupers, beggars never; nothing like squalor; the poorest parishes show the signs of industry. The proportion of crime in the island is so exceedingly small that the six paid policemen of its seventeen thousand inhabitants have scarcely any employment. In such a state of society ideas of reform find little chance. Talking on the subject with some of the older residents of the place, we found that the people of Guernsey are not only perfectly content with their system of government, but even very jealous of any change. Their Queen is their "Lady Paramount," and their six-hundred-years-old laws answer, as they think, every purpose.

We did not mean to do up the place American fashion; we meant, on the contrary, that it should do us up—interpenetrate us. We were quite willing, for the time being, to remain wholly passive; and, like sponges, imbibe all that the islands had to give us. The guide-books recommend all sorts of expeditious methods to see them, and Louise assured us that the excursion cars were "ever so nice—jolly things;" but we preferred the strolling system, or the comfortable little Guernsey chair.

One of our first cares was to find a pleasant spot in the neighborhood which we could resort to at odd hours to enjoy the sea. A five minutes' walk from our house took us through the loveliest of lanes to the *Promenade*, at the foot of Fort George. There, midst an elysium of green, we could watch the breakers roll to our very feet. If we had done nothing more than to sit there day after day, feeding on the sights before our eyes, we might have been satisfied with our summer tour. Back of us the hill from which the fort commands the sea, hard granite, all covered with grass, creeping plants, flowers; before us Castle Cornet, the historical fortress of the island, playing a part in French and English affairs as early as 1275. Farther off, breaking the expanse of the waters, the steep rock-islands Herm and Jethou. Still farther northward, Sark, a forbidding granitic mass, rising as a table-land more than three hundred feet above the sea, and guarded on all sides by perpendicular cliffs. A little Eden these inclosed, as we found later; a remnant of the golden age, perhaps. Silent and solitary the whole scene before noon, but toward evening it grows alive with bathers. The day's work is done, and Guernsey drowns its cares in the blue waves.

But it is at the dewy hour of dawn that the lover of nature will best appreciate the exquisite beauty of the Guernsey landscape. First, the luxury of the early bath—at Guernsey always a luxury, for its public

bathing arrangements protect the bather against any tidal disappointments. The rocks along the beach form of themselves vast basins, which, completed by the engineer's art, afford at all times and at all hours a full sea and safe swimming. Then the stroll before breakfast, a couple of hours solid walk along lanes and fields, over hills and through vales matchless for beauty. And music all the way! the busy lark and its triumphant song! Pity the man whose soul and body do not expand under such blessings! He is past all cure.

Our lounging place thus secured, we merely followed inclination in visiting the various points of interest on the island. We had procured Ward & Lock's "Illustrated Guide-Book," and by means of its copious maps, plans and general directions, found the thing quite easy. Besides there was always at hand our knowing little Louise to supplement the guide-book. She was not only well posted in regard to roads and lanes, but a famous weather prophet into the bargain.

"Take your mackintoshes; don't forget your over-shoes."

"Why? the sky is all clear!"

A shrug of the shoulder (the influence of France). "It's going to rain, I know it." And we found by experience that it was best to follow her advice.

Among our first sight-seeing duties was, of course, that of getting a clear impression of St. Peter Port. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, rising on a steep elevation from the harbor. The houses cover the face of the hill, rows above rows; hence some very steep streets, and not only steep but very labyrinthine and without the least aim at order or regularity. But for their captivating picturesqueness, making one forget time, fatigue and distance, the tourist might often be inclined to grumble at their tantalizing windings. You think you must be nearing home, and you try to orient yourself, when all at once there rises before you, as means of communication to the street you are in search of, a flight of steps—a hundred or more—and when you have resignedly overcome the difficulty, and climbed the ladder-street, you find yourself only in a new network of high houses and walled lanes. St. Peter Port reminded us of some of the old towns in Italy. Whether the donkeys of Guernsey are as skilled in the management of stairways as their Italian brethren we have had no opportunity to judge, but we have often admiringly watched how vigorously they climbed the steep hills of Guernsey with heavy loads on their backs.

The houses of the old town are all solid granite masonry, each walled like a little fortress. Many of them have green-houses and vineries attached to them. They present a far more interesting picture than the more modern houses of the newer part of the town. These, with their stuccoed adornments and plastered fronts, have a commonplace look which ill accords with the peaceful simplicity of the place. St. Julien Avenue, for instance, the handsomest and most fashionable of St. Peter Port's streets, has a snobbish Piccadilly air. We considered it a decided discord in the general harmony of things. Guernsey is very proud of St. Julien Avenue; it is one of its lions. A number of public buildings, with peculiar features of architecture, stand prominent, but they are all failures as far as beauty is concerned. The Albert statue, erected by subscription among the inhabitants in front of the old harbor, in commemoration of a visit of the Queen and the Prince Consort, is a copy of an original of Prince Albert by the late Joseph Durham, A. R. A. It has, however, nothing to recommend it as a work of art. The churches are all very old, but renovated "in the church-warden

style," and present, therefore, no other point of interest than their dates.

A few steps from our lodging is Victor Hugo's house, one of the great objects of curiosity of the place. Louise having informed us that it would soon be closed to the public, the family being shortly expected on a visit, we concluded to lose no time in seeing the interior. We had often passed it on our way to town, and always with a feeling of wonder that so emotional a writer should have selected so unsympathetic a home. Its cold, meaningless façade, looking upon that narrow street, had nothing inspiring. The name stands in big letters over the door—Hauteville House. We soon had occasion, however, to reverse our judgment. The house was undoubtedly selected for its rear view—the finest in the island. The first impression one gets on entering is one of gloom. Sombre hangings, sombre furniture of the severest order, dark oak carvings, fill the hall. The dining-room at the end is a spacious apartment, well lighted from the back windows, but painfully odd in its appointments. It bears the undeniable mark of its owner's peculiarity of character—his love for stage effects. The ceiling is covered with ancient tapestry; the walls, all the way up to the ceiling, are covered with blue tiles, as is also the chimney, the style of which we are unable to define. It projects into the room with a faint endeavor to imitate the antique, but fails altogether to produce a pleasing effect. A plain dining-table, with chairs to match, occupies the centre of the room. The chief object of interest is the ancestral chair of the Hugo family—a weather-beaten, grim-looking, old oak-carved seat, frowning with age and feudal pride. Its arms are chained, and it stands between the two windows, a sacred seat to be no longer desecrated by vulgar use. It bears the date of 1534, and the name of Joseph Leopold Sigisbert Hugo, with a Latin inscription.

The stairs leading to the drawing-room on the second story are, along with the banisters, all covered with carpet. The effect of these carpeted banisters is not pleasing; it looks musty, dusty, clumsy. The carpet, moreover, seemed common and more threadbare than antique. A friend and admirer of the poet assured us that it was precious old Persian carpet. We will not dispute the fact, but this novel stairway ornamentation looked to us more like a painful effort after oddity than a genuine feeling of the beautiful. We had, moreover, a lingering suspicion that it was the unartistic plainness of the banisters that suggested to the poet the idea of covering them up. But if he meant to give them thereby an oriental touch, he missed the mark. The East drapes and never stretches.

The walls of the drawing-room are covered with a sort of tapestry worked with gold and glass beads. The furniture consists of antique cabinets and stands, eccentric-looking seats covered with yellow leather, and a few rare *bahuts*.

Conspicuous amid all this antique and antiquated furniture is a writing-desk, presented to Madame Hugo on one of her birthdays by the four most celebrated *littérateurs* of the time—Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, Georges Sand and Victor Hugo. It is of a peculiar shape—square, each crescent corner forming a little drawer. These drawers contain autograph letters to the lady by the donors.

The gem-room is in the third story. It is called the Oak Gallery, and is truly a superb apartment. Six windows distribute the light on a perfect gallery of sculptured oak, whilst the broad balcony outside affords a view unrivaled for its rare combinations of sea and

woodland scenery. This magnificent state-room had been fitted up for Garibaldi, whom Mr. Hugo had invited to share his exile home. Would the simple-minded, simple-hearted, honest soldier have really felt at home in so unhomely a place, amidst such oppressive quaintness and untimely luxury? we asked ourselves.

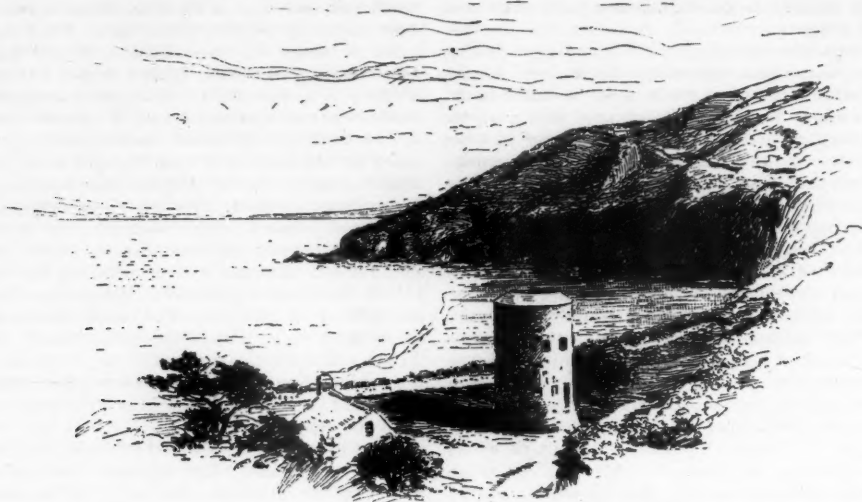
The cumbrous bedstead, never occupied, called to mind the state couch of some feudal castle. The high-backed chairs, heavily ornamented with carving and inscriptions, seemed, with their odd devices, to challenge each other to single combat. One of them has, *Sum, non sequor*; another, *Sto, sed fugio*; a third, *A deo, a deum*. Around a large centre-table stand three others, also very high-backed, but diminishing in size according to their titles. The tallest has on its back in large brass nails, *Pater*; the next, *Mater*; the third, *Filius*. They called insensibly to mind the captious bear story of our childhood—the big bear, the middle-sized bear and the wee little bear with their respective beds and chairs.

But we must not look too critically into the eccentricities of genius. The topmost room on the roof makes up for all these oddities; it is the poet's own retreat, his private study, and reverently do we tread its floor. It is a small attic opening into a still smaller glass chamber. This, like a ship-cabin, contains everything in the smallest possible compass—a small iron bedstead of monastic simplicity; a small writing-table with its writing material; a common chair. From here what a view! The whole archipelago of islands and rocks scintillating in the sunlight, moonlight, starlight, and far in the distance that dear French coast! What a store-house for the imagination! How nature and fancy work here into each other's hands! Here was written the "Travailleurs de la Mer." We fancied we could see the intrepid romancer pick out from this glass eyrie the scenes of the novel—the snow-covered street that leads to St. Sampson, the three solitary travelers, Déruchette stopping in the road to write in the snow the name of her unfortunate lover. It was like taking a look into the machinery of the story.

A few discreet questions to the pretty Guernsey maid who took us around, brought out the information that Mr. Hugo paid occasional visits to his island home; that he was expected that very summer; that he was hale and hearty, though over seventy. Summer and winter, she said, the industrious writer rose with the day. He worked till nine, then took an hour for breakfast and a short walk; resumed work again, and, with but the luncheon intermission, worked on till five. Dinner, half-past six; bed-time, ten. Such systematic living scarcely chimes with so Bohemian an imagination!

The visit to the Hauteville House put us in mind to read "The Toilers of the Sea," and we went in quest of a circulating library. There are two at St. Peter Port. We procured the volumes, and they became for a time our daily companions in our excursions. The chief seat of action in the story is St. Sampson's Harbor, and as a convenient little steam-car runs every half-hour between St. Peter Port and the said harbor, we lost no time in paying it a visit. Louise opened big eyes in hearing us talk, in connection with St. Sampson, about the Bue de la Rue, Déruchette and the mysterious rock that plays so ominous a part in the romance.

"A 'Bue de la Rue' at St. Sampson's? No such place there! Déruchette? Never heard of the woman! Why, there is nothing to be seen at St. Sampson's but quarries and quarrymen!"



FERMAIN BAY AND MARTELO TOWER—GUERNSEY.

"No matter; we are going to St. Sampson's!"

How like Victor Hugo to place the most emotional of his stories amidst the most prosaic of surroundings! St. Sampson is wholly composed of stone-yards. Granite, granite, granite!—granite, blue, red and gray—and of all sizes, from the largest monumental blocks to the smaller ones for building and paving purposes down to the finest pebble for road-making. The little harbor is filled with ships and barks in process of loading. Little railway cars convey the stone to the pier. The sailors are busy rigging their boats; the workmen busy loading; the quarrymen busy hewing the stone. Work, hard work, from morning till night. Where is dainty little Déruchette, with her bird-like unconcern? Where her woeful lover and his rustic bagpipe? Where the sturdy uncle and his brave Durande? We trace the Bue de la Rue through a long file of stone-yards to the group of rocks which still guard the entrance to the harbor. But the grand legendary chair that headed them in the story is gone—shipped off, who knows, to pave some street in Weymouth or Southampton. Still, if the toilsome little place fails to bear out the poetry of fiction, it has another of its own. There is something Homeric in these enormous quarries and their sturdy workers. Fancy their pick-axes hewing the stone midst a great storm, and mixing their noise with that of the thunder and the roaring of the sea! Cyclops all the same for having their eyes in the right place.

We visited the church, a plain stone edifice without the least ornament. It is the oldest church in the island, and said to date from 1111. St. Sampson, who gave it his name, was the first Christian missionary who landed in Guernsey. He belongs to the sixth century. Shall we call puerile the legends that grew up around him—the taming of a savage horse by the sign of the cross, the subduing a hungry lion, the destroying the monstrous serpent that ravaged the land? Are they not rather facts clothed in imagery? What more monstrous than the carnality the Church perpetually fights against?

Our next trip was to Pleinmont, the scene of the haunted house in the novel.

"How far from here to Pleinmont, Louise?" we asked one morning of our valiant little maid.

"Pleinmont? Just to Pleinmont and nowhere else?"

"Yes."

"But there is nothing to see at Pleinmont—nothing but the barren cliff and the wide, wide sea."

"We want to see that haunted house and the Roches Douvres."

"The old guard-house? Pooh! no more haunted than you or I! It's nothing but an old wooden shanty, put up there long, long ago by some rascally smugglers; and as for the Roches Douvres, why they are so far off that you can't see them plain at all. No; 'tis for what you see on the way to Pleinmont that people go there. Listen to me."

We listened. The little figure had such practical decision about her, that we gave her all our attention.

"You take a chair; you drive first to Moulin Huet, the loveliest spot on the island; you go through Water Lane. All travelers rave about our Water Lane. You never in your lives saw such a pretty place. From there you drive on to Creux Mahie—an extraordinary creux, this Creux Mahie—and from there on to Pleinmont. The driver will take you back another lovely road, and you will have had a charming *tournée*."

"Horrors!" we exclaimed. "Why that's enough to fill a whole week, Louise! We shouldn't have a minute to think! When we go to a picture-gallery, dear girl, we pick out a few pictures only to look at and no more. One thing at a time."

Louise looked as surprised as the day when we first complained of our coffee. She already then put us down for queer people. Not "like her coffee! No? Why?"

"It is mixed with chicory."

"But all coffee is mixed with chicory!"

"No; not in America."

"And there is nothing hurtful about chicory; it's wholesome!"

"But we don't like it. We want the pure Java or Mocha bean!" and we got the same, and showed her how to make it into a clear, strong beverage, instead of that tasteless, muddy stuff that is served now all over Europe. So that this second deviation from Guernsey ways—*taking our time*—did not improve her first impression of us.

"I should like to know," murmured she, quite re-



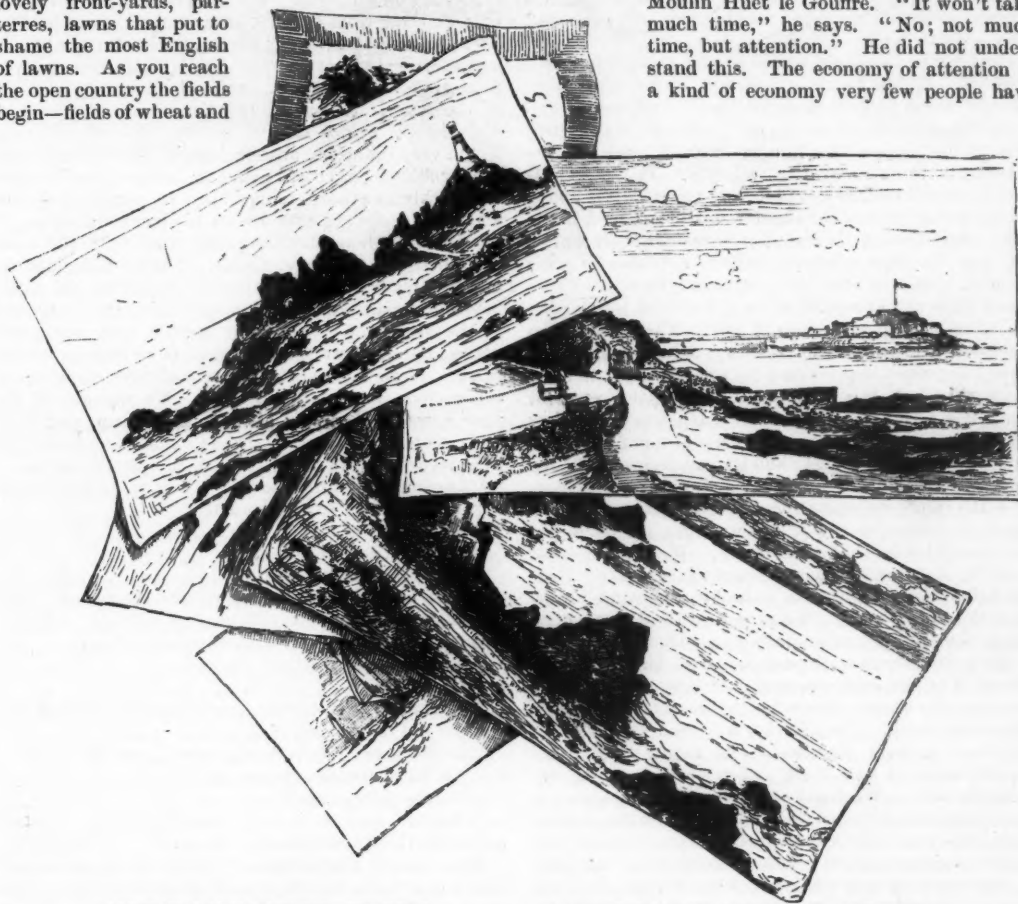
spectfully though, as she left the room, "where we should be, Mrs. Freckers and I, if we did only one thing at a time!"

We got a chair and went to Pleinmont. Of the two beautiful roads that lead to it, Fort George and St. Martin, we chose the latter. What a road! Smooth, firm granite all the way. You roll as on a marble floor, overarched by superb trees that make of it a mile-long bower. On either side, as far as the town reaches, fine mansions and villas, with lovely front-yards, parterres, lawns that put to shame the most English of lawns. As you reach the open country the fields begin—fields of wheat and

besides all our fine roads and the extensive works which now protect the most exposed parts of the coast."

Sir John Doyle was one of the later Lieutenant-Governors of Guernsey. The column erected to his memory is ninety-six feet in height. A spiral stairway leads to a square gallery on the top, which commands a very extensive view of the whole island.

On we drive, many a tempting spot luring us on the way to pay it a visit. Our good-man driver tries repeatedly to have us stop at Fermain Bay, Moulin Huet le Gouffre. "It won't take much time," he says. "No; not much time, but attention." He did not understand this. The economy of attention is a kind of economy very few people have



MOZE FROM THE GOUFFRE—GUERNSEY.

BATHING PLACE, ST. PETER PORT—GUERNSEY.

LA CORBIÈRE—JERSEY.

barley, orchards, miniature farms, rich meadow-land, all enclosed in neatly-trimmed hedges. For miles and miles you roll between these hedges, ferns and ivy interlaced; hawthorn run over with honeysuckle and wild roses; convolvulus wrestling with all sorts of creeping vines; a wild luxuriance everywhere, and everywhere the skylark starting from its low hiding-places and making for the sun in that straight soar of his—a delight of sound and motion.

The Doyle monument, erected on a height, and conspicuous from nearly all parts of the island, started a little chat between us and our driver.

"A well-deserved monument this to Sir John Doyle," he said in reply our inquiries. "We owe him three hundred acres of land which he rescued from the sea,

any clear idea of, and we did not attempt to demonstrate its philosophy to him.

We soon left the fields and entered the forest—more like a park than a forest, so well-kept are the paths. We came to a church—Torteval Church—an uninteresting edifice of the Pugin order. No other history connected with it, except that the spot on which it stands was from time immemorial consecrated to churches. There is mentioned in an old charter of 1055, when the Norman rulers of Guernsey had not yet come to be Kings of England, a St. Marie de Tortevalle. Next came St. Philip of Torteval. Philip de Cartaret (one of the knights who accompanied Duke William of Normandy in his conquest of England) being, says the legend, in great peril of shipwreck on this the most dangerous of

the Guernsey coasts, vowed if he escaped with life to build a church on the place which offered him a haven. To the surprise of the sailors themselves, they succeeded in running into Roquaine Bay, and Philip built the church.

But we have reached Pleinmont. The sun the while has sunk behind clouds; the sky is all of a frowning gray; the wind has risen and ruffles the sea. Shall we call it a gallantry of the sun to thus set the object of our pursuit in its proper light? Sea and sky have assumed hues as if made to order—faint suggestions of storm—tempest hints. "See what we might do if we chose!" they seem to say.

Pleinmont in sunlight would not be Pleinmont. We alighted. Before us, on a common, a few steps from the cliff, stood the old deserted house. Oh for the disenchanting positiveness of all reality! We turned around the place with a hungry interest, but could see nothing in the structure to satisfy it. The cliff, it is true, is three hundred feet high, and the situation lonely enough; but though the sky did its best to give it the right tone; though its one door is mysteriously walled up, and the high windows require a ladder to scale them in order to effect an entrance; though all are closed with the exception of two, we could not for the life of us get up any sense of awe. These two open windows, so significant in the story, failed altogether to make the proper impression; they did not look to us as "hollow sockets in a human face." A fitting spot for smugglers, no doubt; but it takes a Hugo pen to endow it with supernatural horror. We could well fancy how, on a stormy night, 'midst thunder and lightning, when an angry sea lashes the cliff and throws its foam over the roof, its solitariness might assume spectral aspects. But as we saw it that morning, it looked just the shanty Louise had said it was. We walked on to the cliff. A grander scenery we had never beheld. Here the Atlantic rushes in with unbroken force and breaks upon the craggy coast. We perceived the Hanois upon which the treacherous captain of the *Durande* steered, to effect his intended shipwreck. The Hanois are an extension of the southwestern extremity of the island, and, like the Caskets, have been the scene of many a disastrous wreck. They have a wild and savage look; they wear in their jagged sides the marks of the sea's murderous teeth, all their softer veins scooped out. Gigantic saws! We could see how truly dangerous the whole of that coast must be at high water when some of these half-detached rocks are concealed; we could also see how the very cliff on which we stood must some time or other be worn into similar reefs by the action of the waters. We rounded the cliff, and on the westward we perceived in the far-off distance the *Roches Douvres*, the scene of the sunken ship in "The Toilers of the Sea." We even fancied we could trace the singular conformation of the largest of them, "L'Homme"; or did we but beguile ourselves thinking of *Gustave Doré's* illustration of it? Did the great artist stand where we stood when he depicted the group, or like that ingenious German draw it from the depth of his moral consciousness?

Long we sat on the desolate cliff gazing at the weird scenery and watching the motions of a multitude of sea-gulls which, disturbed in their quiet, coursed above us, darkening the air.

"At l'Erée, close by," said presently a voice at our ears, which we recognized as that of our driver, "is a hotel, if you should want luncheon." What is to be done with such people? We followed him, consigning him silently to no very cheerful place; but when we

looked at our watches we found they were in league with him; it was time to go.

Whilst at luncheon the black clouds discharged their burden. Here, as in England, the summers are showery, which accounts for the exquisite freshness everywhere; but so lightly does the rain fall through the sunshine that it sometimes scarcely reaches the ground—a mere mist; as if Nature in her motherly tenderness only wanted to give her darlings a refreshing draught. When we turned homeward the whole landscape was glistening in sunlight. We took a different road, but only differing from the first in another kind of beauty. The way ran under leafy domes, impenetrable alike to sun and rain, and everywhere the ivy. Guernsey, even more than England, seems to be the privileged domain of the ivy: it twines around the trunks of the trees scarcely leaving the bark to be seen; it curls and rises to the very branches, mixing its dark leaves with their lighter foliage; it creeps along the hedges, reaches over the prickly hawthorn, hangs down in pendants or runs along their tops; it mixes with the ferns and furze; it climbs to the house-tops, running races with the roses and fuchsias. We saw houses literally imbedded in flowers and ivy; the windows all enshrined, the chimney-tops garlanded. And how appetizing the meadows! If the scriptural "wondrous wretch and weedless" grazed on such, we might almost envy him under his curse. Were these cows—pretty creatures, mouse gray—conscious of their happy lot? We thought of the poor cows in Germany always penned up, and with such stinted allowances of grass! But as we looked we perceived that they were fettered, tied by the horns.

"Do you tie your cattle here?" we asked the driver.

"Yes, ma'am; to avoid waste."

"Poor things!"

"Oh, they don't mind it."

Thrift is heartless.

Louise was waiting for us on the door-steps. She helped us out of our cumbrances—wraps, albums, bunches of flowers—and with a roguish look—

"Seen any ghosts?"

"Lots of them!"

She laughed; but almost immediately recovering herself she put on gravity.

"Louise doesn't believe in ghosts," said one of us.

"Not in Pleinmont ghosts, no."

"In what kind then?"

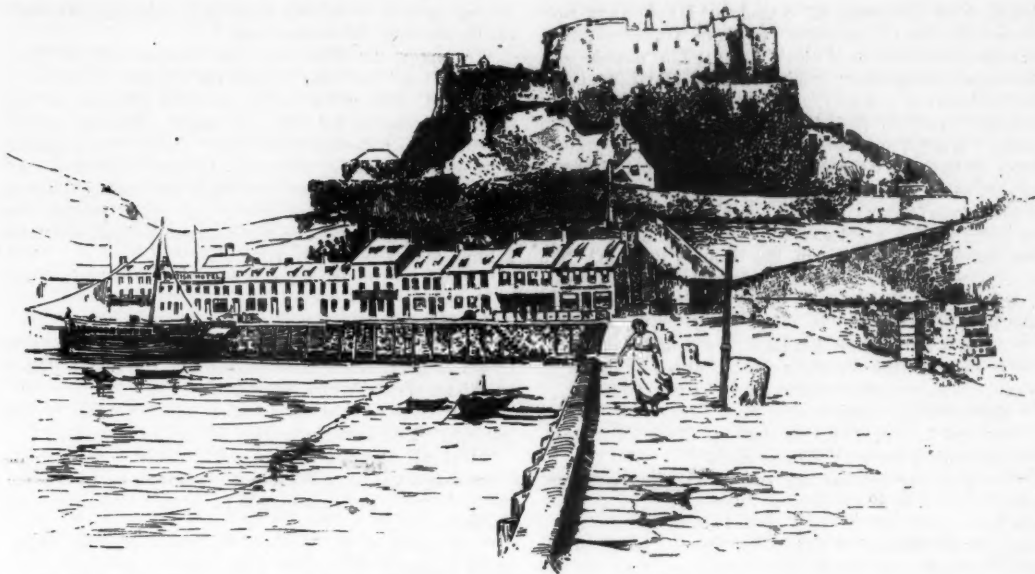
"Hush!" and in a tone almost solemn: "Don't speak lightly of these things," she said; "it's wicked."

There is still considerable superstition in the island, and it is not an uncommon thing to find some of the most intelligent among the peasantry believe in the oddest of signs commanding good or ill-luck. Thus did our clear-headed Sark girl stun us one morning with the unwelcome news that it was going to rain for sixty consecutive days. Clouds of a certain shape and color were hanging low over the little neighboring island of Herm, she said; these clouds were mysteriously connected with a holy well, whose waters if they refused on a particular time of the year their habitual quantum, were infallible signs of continued rain; and she proceeded to relate a legend of a certain ancient hermit called Herm, who gave his name to the said island, and whose holy deeds had won for him the supernatural government of the place.

"Easy to predict rain in these parts, Louise," we said laughing; "and no need of all this miraculous paraphernalia. Why, it rains every day of the year in England."

Notwithstanding all these unfavorable weather pre-





CASTLE CORNET—GUERNSEY.

dictions, we planned a number of foot excursions. We had heard so much about the scenery of Moulin Huet Bay, that one promising morning we set out with mackintoshes, lunch-basket and sketching material for the said spot.

The way leads up and through Fort George. Again and again we turned to look at the view behind us. Though we saw it every day from our windows, it seemed to assume, at every turn we took, such different contours, lights and colors that it became a new landscape every time. We were almost tempted to walk backward, to lose none of its kaleidoscopic changes.

The Moulin Huet Bay is approached by two paths—the hill and Water Lane—both equally picturesque. Artists, however, recommend the approach by Water Lane as the fittest introduction to its beauty. Water Lane is one of those freaks nature sometimes indulges in in Guernsey, namely, a road half brook, half walk. Some of the smaller brooks that flow into the sea take possession of a path, for instance, and cut it in two its whole length. This forms some of the rarest bits of natural scenery in the island. The trees overarch, and on each side of the lane, bordering the brook and the walk, grow ferns and wild flowers of every hue and kind; every corner and crevice is filled with pretty plants—a very fairy walk, so delicate are the tints, forms and shadows; so bewitching the tiny rivulet murmuring through! Down, down it leads to the bay. A turn, and the loveliest picture unfolds before you. The deep, blue sea is inclosed between two grand precipitous cliffs running far out and forming a sort of semi-circle of jagged reefs; but so gentle and smiling are the rocks and the hill, with their furze-brakes and banks of purple heather, their soft mosses and flowerets, that they seem but to stand there to protect the place from harm. Pleinmont is harrowing; Moulin Huet enchanting. We stood speechless. A flight of rough-hewn steps leads from the cliff down to the beach; a shingle beach, all pebbles and rocks. We descended. If there is any virtue in tonics, mental or physical, it must have double force here. We never inhaled sweeter air, or gazed on sweeter sights. All

silence and solitude, too. Presently we heard steps. An individual, in the approved Knickerbocker-tourist costume, was coming down toward us. He was carrying a camp-chair and artist materials, and presently took a seat beside us. As he arranged his easel and produced his work we saw that his picture was already begun. He had chosen the east side of the bay, and we soon fell into conversation about the scenery before us.

"Very much like the Welsh coast, this Guernsey coast," he said; and he described the characteristics of the former. He had been for some time in the island, and had made a number of studies. He regretted he had not made a sketch of the appearance of the pier during potato-crop time. "Mountains of potatoes!" he said. "You never saw such a sight!" The potato crop of Guernsey, brings in, year in year out, half a million pounds sterling. He seemed to know all about the vineries of the island, entered into the details of grape culture, pear culture, the Chaumontel pear in particular. "The Chaumontels sell in London from four to six pounds sterling per hundred—a shilling apiece." Our artist was evidently a practical man.

In the meantime one of us went to explore the Falaise and Petit Bot Bay. The Falaise is a very high bluff, with a steep descent to the bay. He reported witnessing there a rather daring feat. A driver with four-in-hand was coming down with a company of thirty persons. We should think nothing of this here in America, but in Europe caution is carried to such a degree that we wondered. No end to the prudential warnings posted at railroads and steamboat piers. We noticed over the broad stairway of the Luxembourg Museum at Paris a friendly caution requesting visitors not to go down the narrower side, "for fear of being precipitated."

On our way home we recollected that Louise recommended us to buy some tarts for dessert. We had no small change, and stepped into the bank to get some. Truly cosmopolitan is Guernsey in money matters. We could not help laughing at the handful of foreign moneys we received in exchange for our five-pound note: five-franc

pieces, with the effigy of Napoleon III; Victor Emmanuel of Italy; Leopold of Belgium; sixpences, fifty-centime pieces, shillings and *doubles*. The double is a native coin altogether; it is worth half a farthing, eight doubles making a penny. French and Italian money circulate freely on the island, and are taken at all the stores. We got our tarts. Louise had so often praised before us the rare delicacy of Monsieur Popelin's tarts that we came to believe that a taste of them belonged to the circle of our Channel Island experiences. We put them in the middle of the table to catch her eye. But there was trouble on the Louise horizon. She scarcely noticed our self-bought dessert when she came in to serve the dinner. The usually so happy face wore a set look of worry.

"What's the matter, Louise?" we asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and sighed, as much as to say, "You wouldn't understand if I told you."

"Has anything happened to Mrs. Freckers?"

"No, not to Mrs. Freckers, but—to Mark's horse."

"To Mark's horse? Who is Mark?"

"Mark is my brother, and he owns a carriage and horse. Last Christmas Eve a fellow-driver (I am sure now the rogue did it on purpose) asked him to drive young Lord Durham to Saumarez, because he could not do so himself; and Mark, never thinking, went for his horse." She paused. There was a strange expression of mingled fear and awe in her face.

"Well?" we asked.

"On a twenty-fourth of December, mind you!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Christmas Eve! Do you drive your horses on Christmas Eve in your country?"

"To be sure we do; harder than ever."

"Bad luck to you!"

"But why?"

"Do you think horses are stones? On Christmas Eve they are all on their knees at their devotions, and to disturb them at such a time is sure to—Well, Mark knows better now; he won't do it again, I warrant."

"And Mark's horse?"

"Mark's horse (he wouldn't own up to it till now) has ever since been good for nothing; he shies and stumbles, and I shouldn't wonder if—Such a beautiful creature! gentle as a lamb and quick as a flash. Well, here goes my Christmas gift! He won't have a double to spend on the proper thing come December."

Not sharing in her belief as to the cause of her grievance, we could not offer very substantial consolation; but we made up for it by assuring her that if Mark's horse failed altogether we should send her a Christmas gift from America.

It would hardly have been doing full justice to Guernsey to omit trying, once at least, her excursion cars. These vehicles—accommodating some twelve, some thirty persons, with a driver, four, and sometimes six-in-hand, and a guide—are so managed as to complete the round of the island in three trips. They start between ten and eleven A. M.; stop mid-journey at some convenient hotel for luncheon, and return by five in the afternoon, in time for dinner. We selected among the trips the one to the southwestern division of the island; a quiet company of twelve only, mostly English people.

Our first halting place was Fermain Bay. Our guide pointed out a tower erected to warn sailors against the Lower Heads, a dangerous group of rocks. We could just see some of their points 'mid the receding tide.

"Oh, that's nothing! I have seen worse rocks than those!" said one of the party, a middle-aged lady, who, from her disposition to criticise, we found afterwards to

belong to that numerous class of people who can only estimate things by comparison.

We passed La Favorita, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Watson, the most successful breeder of cattle in the island. Our critic wanted to know whether he was married, what he did with his money, whether cattle-breeding was a lucrative business? all of which queries were good-naturedly answered by the conductor. At Bec du Nez, a small creek with a few fishing-boats, a lively talk, wherein both driver and guide joined, was started among the gentlemen concerning Channel Island fishing, and shell-fish in particular.

"You never tasted an ormond, did you?" asked one of them of his neighbor.

"No; what is it?"

"A sort of oyster, but much bigger than the common oyster, and infinitely more pleasant to the taste. They call them *oreille de mer* sometimes."

"Our large *écrevisse* is another rare bit," put in the guide. "You never saw such fellows in England!"

"But all these good things," remarks the driver, "are much less plentiful now than they used to be, and much dearer. The steamboats have well-nigh driven all the fish away."

"All these rocks, between Guernsey and St. Malo, make capital oyster-beds," says one.

"They had a funny way of disposing of them some two hundred years ago," says another.

"I read that they used to bring them into port in vessels containing large quantities, and that when they were at a reasonable distance from the pier they threw them all overboard into the sea; then when the tide was out and the ground bare, the people came to buy."

One way of selling them fresh at any rate. Somebody asked what became of all the oyster-shells, and was told that there used to be formerly quite an exportation of them to Birmingham for use in the manufacture of *papier maché* articles.

We halted a moment at Jerbourg barracks to listen to the guide explaining that Jerbourg meant Caesar's burg; that the old fortress which stood there once had been a Roman station; and that a number of Roman coins had been found on the spot. We next alighted at Le Gouffre, an abyss terminating a deep gorge. On either side rise high precipitous rocks all covered with luxuriant vegetation. A pretty little stream flows through the ravine, and falls over a lower cliff, forming a sort of Staubbach, all the more impressive than its Swiss cousin, for having the Atlantic for its grave. The guide pointed to La Moye Point on our left—La Moye from the old French *moie*, signifying stones—and to the Corbière rocks on the right, from *corbeau*, raven—as interesting points in the landscape. It is here especially that the tourist will notice the variegated character of the islands, rock—dark green veins crossing the gray and pink face of the cliff. These intrusive green veins are the particular feature of the Channel Islands granite, as is also the tabular form which these rocks assume, rising in successive plateaux. In Sweden, this form is called *trap*, like the German *trappe*, stairway. Gigantic stairs indeed are all these cliffs. West of the Corbières is the pretty little town of Bon Kepos. The reader will notice the pretty and appropriate names of all these places.

Returning to the main road, we drove to Creux Mahie. Creux Mahie is one of the largest sea-caves of the island. It is reached by a field-path that leads to the bottom of the cliff. We left the car and struck across the heath. Half way down, and as if to add to the weirdness of the scene, there started up before us,

emerging from some unseen subterranean hut, a little old man, with a large fagot of brushwood on his back. The very gnome of these savage haunts he seemed to be.

"Bon-jour, messieurs et dames, bon-jour," he cried in a shrill, piping voice. "Beautemps, pas vrai, pour aller, voir not' creux?" And taking the lead, he skipped away before us, down from ledge to ledge, as nimble as a goat. His disappearance seemed as strange and fantastic as his appearance. It was, however, explained when we reached the *Creux*. The little man has charge of the illumination of the cavern. Large masses of stone partially block up the entrance, and it requires some effort to get in. When at last we effected our entrance we found ourselves in utter darkness. The French sprite the while lit a match and set fire to his brushwood. The burning furze, waved about, revealed all the hideousness of the place. We thought of the sometime lord of these grim sea-palaces—the devil-fish; we recalled its horrid shape, and fancied it crawling out from some hidden recess, slowly putting forth its monstrous feelers, and suddenly flinging them, snake-like, about us all for a week's repast!

"This cavern," puts in the guide, "is thirty feet high, two hundred feet long, and about sixty feet wide." There was no disposition in any of us to verify the fact. It is an uncanny place, and what we most cared about after having seen it was to get out of it. It seemed pleasant to be back in the sunshine; our little majordomo of *Creux Mahie* evidently thought so, too, although the showing it off gave him a sort of living. His little eyes, watching the various doubles and six-pences which dropped from our munificence into his withered palm, sparkled like sea-jewels, and his squeaking "Merci, merci, messieurs et dames," rang full of thankfulness.

Reseated in our car we took *Le Chemin du Roi* and drove to Rocquaine Bay, the southwestern point of the island. Here we stopped for luncheon, and were allowed a whole hour to explore the coast and speculate on Sihon Island, before us, half a mile or so distant. This island, about eighteen acres in extent, is approachable at low tide by a sort of rocky causeway which connects it with Guernsey. We were told that there are still to

be seen there the ruins of an ancient priory and chapel—a pavement of green glazed tiles and the ribs of the old roof. There is a tradition that vessels passing Sihon Island used to lower topmasts as a salute to the holy edifice. The same was done in ancient times in passing Broadstairs, on the Kentish coast, vessels paying the like honor to Our Lady of Bradistow.

Turning homeward we followed the coast as far as Vazon Bay. This bay is remarkable from the fact that the sea here covers a submerged forest. In heavy weather the beach is known to have been strewn with branches and trunks of trees. As the forest was gradually destroyed a region of peat was formed, covered by sand and shingle; and in times of great storms, as also through the action of the tides, masses of peat and turf, intermingled with wood, were thrown upon the shore. The islanders used it for fuel, and called it *gorban*, or *corban*, signifying gift.

Mr. Lukis, a local geologist and antiquarian, says concerning these trees, thrown up during a great storm in 1847: "The very perfect state in which they were shows that they had been for a long time buried under sand. The compression of their boughs and trunks exhibits the first indication of that flattened form which all fossil plants undergo by the decomposition of the vegetable fibre, without entirely destroying the texture of the wood. The trees were overspread with corallines, fuci and sertulariæ, and perforated by marine shipworms. So large was the quantity of wood that it was at first supposed a vessel must have foundered near the coast." Various relics of pottery and Roman coins, as also teeth of horses and swine and remains of hazelnuts, have from time to time been found in the *corban*.

From Vazon Bay we strike inland, and soon enter the *élite* quarter, the Grange Road and Julien Avenue. On the first we pass Elizabeth College, the earliest educational foundation in the island, said to have been endowed by the great Queen Bess, when she turned monastic establishments into grammar-schools. It belonged originally to the Society of Gray Friars.

Julien Avenue runs upon the quay, which quay leads direct home, and home we drove.

CAROLINE ROLLINS CORSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HORAE DIEI.

### MORNING.

THE morn with eager fingers lifts  
The sleeping meadow's misty veil,  
And shows her strewn with jewels bright,  
The gleaming guerdon of the night.  
The moon an ashen shadow drifts,  
And in the east the clouds grow pale

That heralded the coming day—  
Their golden banners changed to gray.  
A wild duck flaps upon the lake,  
Whose broker waves like diamonds flare;  
And now the water-lilies wake  
And shake the dew-drops from their hair.

### NOON—BY THE ROADSIDE.

Through the swaying boughs of the locust trees  
The changing shadows fall;  
The bracken nods in the gentle breeze,  
Over the thistle-heads hum the bees;  
And perched on the golden-rod, which flings  
His tawny plume o'er the old stone wall,  
A careless yellow-bird sits and swings,  
And blithe is the summer lay he sings.

In his hidden bower the cicada hums  
A sultry song of noon;  
The throbbing note that the partridge drums  
Drowsily out of the woodland comes;  
And down by the wall-side the grasses grow,  
The ivy creeps and the crickets croon,  
While idle butterflies to and fro  
Flit when the bending blossoms blow.

WM. HOWARD CARPENTER.



# JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE parlor at Summerfield was wainscotted and paneled from floor to ceiling—I think with oak; certainly with hard wood, firm in grain and solid in style—but painted by some long-ago owner, in unpardonable barbarity of taste, of a reddish brown. The solecism of coating such boards with any kind of pigment was, however, the more readily pardoned in that the hue in the toning-down of years approximated the mellow sombreness the native material would have gathered in the same time. The carpet was of dim reds and softened browns. The furniture—mahogany, massive and stiff—consisted of exactly a dozen chairs, two very hard settees at the sides of the room, two round tables in opposite corners, a candle-stand, the top turned up during the day, and set flat against the wall on the left hand side of the fire to balance the effect of the Bible-stand on the right. Aunt Maria's harmonica was pushed hard into the wall-angle nearest the light-stand, and had a companion-piece in the escritoire on which I pen this chronicle, shoved as close into the corner beyond the tripod upbearing the Holy Scriptures.

This escritoire, spoken of by the family as "Archie's secretary," was brought from France by my great-uncle, Littleton Read, when he returned from abroad with Francis Bernard as his valet. It is of solid mahogany, inlaid with narrow lines and points of satin-wood. Two deep drawers have brass handles. A folding desk-leaf above them rests, when open, upon perpendicular supports drawn out from the body of the secretary. Back of and above the desk is a section in shape and height resembling the top of an upright piano. Fluted doors, sliding back in grooves, and running around the corners of the upright to disappear entirely and mysteriously from view until a pull at two little brass knobs—the only evidences of their locality left to sight—brings them again to the fore—shut in small drawers and pigeon-holes when the escritoire is not in use.

"A gem," lovers of old furniture call it. To me it is a missal the secret of whose clasp I alone comprehend. When I slide back the curious doors I am—out of the body—in another place and generation than that to which I nominally belong. From the archway of the central recess, where inkstand and pen are kept as of old, my childhood's self looks forth into eyes graver with sorrow and thought than they were then with musings far too mature for my years and experience. In passing, I have a trick of laying my hand lightly on the closed leaf. I find myself sometimes sitting at it when it is unfolded, paper and pen laid out for work—dreaming, is it? or seeing?

For it is *there*, then, be it to soul-sight or to faithful memory, that has not suffered one lineament to be blurred by the dash of the waves we know as years. A stalwart form seated in front of the baize-covered surface revealed by the open lid; the thick waves of black hair falling low upon the forehead, with the bowing of the head above account-books and letters; a dark, steadfast face, gray eyes too earnest for laughter, but which

softened and deepened suddenly when they smiled; a mouth like Aunt Maria's in the loving, winsome half-pout of the lower lip, on which the upper was laid in more resolute lines than in his sister's—careless, indeed, would be the custodian that could lose the portrait for which he sat to such worshipful affection as I bore him. This was my Uncle Archie—a simple, God-fearing gentleman, who believed in the Bible and Confession of Faith; voted the Whig ticket, and paid his debts, one hundred cents in the dollar; acknowledged no social code but that of right, and loved one woman better than aught else on earth, save truth and honor.

The desk was open and the owner in the arm-chair before it on Christmas Eve, which fell that year on Saturday. He usually made up his books after supper on Saturday night, giving audience then to the plantation blacksmith, carpenter, shoemaker and the head-man of the field-gang. These he had directed to-day to bring in their reports immediately after dinner. While they gave and he entered them in a large ledger, I sat in my winter "chimney-place" on a sheepskin, dyed red-brown, stuffed and lined by Mammy's own hands, laid on the floor in the shelter of the Bible-stand. My back was against the wall, my knees drawn up to support a volume taken from the book case at the farther end of the room. It was but an average planter's library, yet many expensive collections of our bibliomaniacal times are comparatively poor in standard English literature. *The Spectator*, in ten small sheepskin volumes, took up half of one shelf; "Rasselas," "Vatteek," "Arcadia," Sir Thomas Moore's "Utopia" and "Pilgrim's Progress" filled it out. "Plutarch's Lives," translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson, Pope, Cowper, James Montgomery's poems, the for-ten-years-unread Sir Charles Grandison, Rolin's "Ancient History," Hannah More, Mrs. Rowe, Jeremy and Isaac Taylor, Baxter, "Scott's Commentary," "Hervey's Meditations," "Young's Night Thoughts," "The Lady of the Manor," a series of Episcopal tales in seven volumes, that went near to restoring me to the church of my ancestors; "The Children of the Abbey," "Dunallan," all the Waverley novels, Saurin's and Samuel Davies' Sermons—were some of the works that stocked the capacious case. From my sixth year I browsed at will on such strong and wholesome pasturage. There were few volumes then designed expressly for children, except school "Readers" and "Class-Books." When I was tired skirmishing with words and thoughts too mighty for me, I fell back for recuperation upon the "New York Reader" and Mrs. Barbauld, always beloved, however far I might have outgrown them.

The book I had selected on this particular afternoon was, I recollect, Wirt's "British Spy." My grandfather had left pen-and-ink annotations in the margin, identifying this and that character, designated by asterisks, with well-known public men in Church and State. The leaves parted of themselves at the description of "The Blind Preacher." With very inadequate appreciation of the beauty of the word-painting, and, nevertheless, drawing from it a certain vague

enjoyment—a sort of mental cuticular absorption, which is one of the uncovenanted advantages of this mode of education—I had read this chapter until I knew it without book. Dr. Waddell was, as Virginians rate such ties, a connection of our family. Aunt Betsey had married his second or third cousin, and the subject of Wirt's eulogy had been a guest at Summerfield in the lifetime of my grandfather.

Aunt Betsey liked to relate to theological students how, before there was any established divinity school in Virginia, young men preparing for the ministry were wont to apply to Dr. Waddell for instruction in Hebrew, in which tongue he was proficient. One was a resident for some months in his house, learned enough Hebrew to enable him to pass examination for licensure, and married the tutor's daughter. Another succeeded him, went through his pupilage, and carried off a second daughter. A third did likewise, and a fourth wedded the sole remaining girl of the household. When the fifth aspirant for initiation into the recondite lore of the Pentateuch presented himself, the oft-robbed parent dryly informed him that his "stock of Hebrew idioms was exhausted."

"To this day," the narrator would add, smiling over the rims of her spectacles at her auditor, "in that part of the state, when a young man is in love, they say he is studying Hebrew."

I recalled the pleasing anecdote while my eyes dwelt on the words: "He is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition."

Then my fancy rambled off to other tales of the great and good—some gleaned from the printed page, more harvested from the every-day talk going on about me. The phrase, "representative men," had not then been adopted in the significance it now bears, or I might have divined that my small world was peopled with such—with people who had room to grow and time to form in just accord with the impulses of natural germination and development; in whom belief and principle were substantial framework, sustaining the same relation to the external life that bole and boughs do to the cumulative foliage of the oak. Character was expressed opinion and faith, as strong and as sound as conscientious research could make them. Each sturdy oak mounted upward and spread outward of and for itself in the wide bounteousness then vouchsafed to individuality. Every man was a study, every woman an entity. This is not sentimental maundering over the fancied "grace of a day that is dead," but a loving tribute to times which, take them all in all, may have been no better than these, yet were fraught with a wholesome vitality, a direct exhibition of original elements now ignored or vitiated, that make the superficial life of to-day rapid and jejune by comparison. Men's minds then were like their book-cases—furnished with recognized standards and classics of doctrine, studied from preface to "finis," not once, but so many times that, by infiltration, thought, and through thought, action and existence were colored by them.

While I dreamed, dipping occasionally into such pools of "British Spy" literature as looked shallow enough for my wading, the sable subordinates had had their audience and retired. Several small piles of coin ranged on the baize at the master's elbow had gradually vanished. As each man was dismissed he received a Christmas gratuity and a word or two of commendation.

"You have done well this year. I hope you will have a merry holiday and a happy New Year," was the longest expression of approval and good-will, but the

recipients took fully and gratefully for granted all that lay back of the laconic phrases.

The only sound that broke in upon the afternoon quiet was the scratching of Uncle Archie's pen and the muffled roar of the fire up the throat of the chimney. Logs—not sticks—had been piled as far up as the builder's arm could lay them and then be withdrawn from the roof of the fireplace. Tall brass andirons supported the load, a richly-wrought fender of the same brilliant metal hedged it about. The conflagration was well under way. The bark had ceased to crackle—the flames wound smooth swathes about the wood; the hiss and drip of the sap from the cut ends told that the billets were hot to the heart. The pipe-clayed hearth and jambs were rosy in the glare. In the glass doors of the high book-case my end of the room was distinctly reflected, but in small-paned sections, like panel-pictures. The fire in its rush and flare; the mantel ornaments of square white vases filled with holly-berries; between them Grandma's portrait with the rose in her bodice, the frame wreathed with running-cedar; low down and cut short by a drawer, a dissected map of myself, clad in the crimson merino which was my best winter frock. Outside, the heavens were gray with wind-clouds, scurrying in troubled indecision from the northwest. The walnut-tree top rocked and beat backward hands at the blast before which it was forced to bend; the naked rose-branches whipped fitfully across the windows.

I hugged myself in the warm, cushioned covert under the broad wing of the Bible-stand.

"Ah!" I sighed involuntarily, then started guiltily, for I was innocently vain of the reputation of never disturbing grown people by my presence.

Uncle Archie glanced smilingly over his shoulder.

"Tired, Judith?"

"No, sir. I didn't mean to do it. Only—it is Christmas Eve, and everything is so nice and pleasant. I was just enjoying it—that is all!"

"Christmas in your bones," as the servants say? I am glad my little girl is happy."

He returned to his work, and I left the pictures in the glass to watch him. His brow was clear, his smile genial. He, too, looked happy, and I believed that I knew why.

Miss Virginia Dabney had left us early in September. She was never quite easy after the news came of the Southampton massacre. Mammy said to me once that it was natural to believe one would be safer in town than country while such rumors were flying about of renewed risings, and Nat Turner was still uncaught. Miss Virginia said she was anxious to rejoin her family, that, come what might, they would all be together. There was some delay and a little difficulty in arranging the manner of her return. The roads were not considered safe for private carriages; we were twenty miles from the tri-weekly stage to Richmond, and in this, which carried four armed militiamen on the top, it was not esteemed proper for a young lady to travel alone. Finally, a guard of honor, consisting of Sidney Macon, our cousin Clem Read, and Mr. Bradley, escorted her and her maid to the nearest stage-house. Mr. Bradley, who had received letters requiring his presence in the city, accompanied her the rest of the way. Everything was quiet now, outwardly. In the Legislature wise men were discussing the bill for the gradual abolition of slavery. It was lost two months later by a single vote, but at this Christmas-tide we were sanguine that it would be carried by a large majority. The political and domestic sky was clear and propitious to the grateful celebration of our thanksgiving week.



Aunt Maria had gone, a fortnight ago, to pay a long-deferred visit to her Richmond friend, conditional upon Miss Virginia's engagement to pass Christmas at Summerfield. The two were expected this evening. It had not been practicable for Uncle Archie to be one of her attendants in September. His post was on the plantation, which he would let no one patrol except himself. He had pledged his word for the good faith and quiet behavior of his servants to the neighborhood police, and could not quit home for a day in the distempered condition of public feeling. Nor would his engagements at this season allow him to spare three days in order to bring his sister and her guest home for Christmas. It was fortunate that Mr. Bradley's school-term closed December 15th, and that his arrangements for the ensuing year made it expedient for him to go again to town before January 1st. He had been absent now four days, having gone down in the Summerfield carriage sent for the young ladies.

I laughed slyly to my discreet self with the wonder whether Uncle Archie suspected how truly I deciphered his face that day—the serene content of his eyes, the half-smile that relaxed the habitual compression of his lips—if he imagined that I did not note his occasional glance at the clouds, or that he looked at his watch a dozen times during the afternoon. His lapses into dreamy inaction had hindered the progress of his task. He held himself inexorably to pen and figures until the fire-lit area about the hearth looked redder and brighter for the darkening shadows hemming it in and pressing it closer. By-and-by the door opened quietly, and my mother, Mrs. Mary Trueheart, entered. She and my father had arrived two days before, with the three children younger than myself. We never failed to pass Christmas in the old homestead.

My grandfather was fair of skin and hair, and his wife used to say that they divided the children equally between them. My mother and her brothers Sterling and Wythe were Saxon blondes, with blue eyes. Uncle Archie, Aunt Maria and the eldest sister and first-born, who died in childhood, were brunettes, inheriting with their mother's coloring much of her stateliness of carriage and motion. The lady who now appeared through the ruddy dusks nearest the door was small and plump, vivacious in visage and talk, full of fun and feeling. "A handful of sunshine," her husband called her, and she carried her household and maternal responsibilities as lightly as was consistent with a religious valuation of their weight and worth. Her brother looked up brightly at her approach, and she lifted a menacing forefinger.

"My dear boy! have you no mercy on your eyes? Don't you know when blind-man's holiday begins?"

He wiped the pen and put it away; shook the sand-box over the wet lines of the page just written.

"I have just finished. My week's—and my year's work is done!"

He rested his head against her shoulder, as she put her arm behind his neck. Dear and lovely as was the younger sister, she could never be all to him that this, his senior by three years, still was. I caught the sigh of relief or satisfaction—it had no breath of weariness—that escaped him.

"A hard year's work, I know. Has it been a good one?"

"Better than I dared hope for. The best since the management of the estate came into my hands. The crops have turned out finely. You heard me telling Tom about the tobacco last night? Wheat, corn, cotton have done quite as well; the new mill and cotton-

gin more than paid for themselves. The stock is in splendid condition. You must ride down to the far pasture with me some day and look at my blooded colts and the calves. We have a hundred pigs wintered in the pine-woods, and as many sheep in the stable-meadow, with food enough to carry them all well into the spring. Two such seasons would oblige us, if not to pull down our barns, at least to put up more and larger ones. Our expenses should be no heavier next year than this. Wythe enters college, but Sterling has graduated. I am proud of that boy's independence, although I did oppose at first his idea of teaching school while studying law. He is determined to pay his own way henceforward, he says. I do not grudge Bradley his good fortune, but I wish Sterling had such a situation offered him, instead of an old-field school."

He had pulled his sister down to his knee. Her pretty white hand—the family were noted for the beauty of their hands—threaded and tossed his hair while they talked.

"Mr. Bradley is to have a private class in Richmond, isn't he?"

"Of six boys, whom he is to fit for college. The duties will not occupy more than half the day, leaving him plenty of time for his law studies. He is a fine fellow, and deserves the best that can be done for him. We shall miss him sadly, but when Wythe goes there will be no more need of a tutor. And Bradley can do so much better than to stay here, even if there were younger boys to be educated."

"There is something very winning in his manner," answered my mother, and I fancied with a dry edge to her accent. "He impresses me as one who is sure to make his way in the world. But I don't feel that I know him very well. Tom says I have not taken kindly to him because he is a Yankee."

"He is a thorough gentleman—an honorable, high-minded Christian man, whom any Southerner might be proud to call 'friend.' I have known him more intimately than any other of our tutors. He can be trusted to the world's end, and to death."

"If all I hear be true, you are not the only member of the family that holds that opinion," rejoined my mother. "I have my suspicions."

"Of Aunt Betsey?" demurely. "So have I. But I make it a rule not to interfere in such affairs. Having eyes, I see not; having ears, I hear not, and know only what I am told in so many words. Of one thing I am certain, and that is all I, as Aunt Betsey's guardian, need know. Bradley would never abuse the advantages of his position here, whatever his feelings may be. And it is a serious question, Molly, whether or no a man has a right to try to bind another by an engagement that may drag on for years. My view has always been that he should have the foundations of the house laid, or, at any rate, some notion where and how it is to be built, before he invites a tenderly-reared girl to live in it."

The fair fingers closed saucily on one lock of hair, dealing it a decisive tweak under which he winced and laughed.

"I must tell you of a talk, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, that I had the other day with Uncle Hamilcar, our carriage-driver, you know. He has just married a woman twenty-five years younger than himself, and this before Aunt Sylvy, his first wife, had been four months in her grave. I scolded him roundly, as was my duty as a woman and a mistress. I told him his conduct was scandalous, an offense to taste and decency, and an insult to Sylvy's memory. He was humble but not contrite, and prepared forthwith to debate the case.

"I did 'lot 'pon waitin' 'bout a year, mistis,' he said, 'to show propa resentmen' to de dear deceased, you onderstan', marm. But, as I look at de case, my mistis, it 's jes' 'bout dis way: S'pose you was a-stan'in' on de bank o' Jeemeses River, an' you was to see a moughty big snappin'-turkle, what you knowed would make de bes' sort o' stew an' soup, a-floatin' down t'wards you. Well, you don' want dat ar turkle jes' dat minnit. Too soon arter breakfuss, maybe. Maybe you don' want him dat day. You got plenty bacon in de smoke-house. But yo' know in yo' soul dat de time is a-comin' when dat ar turkle will be moughty convenient fur you to have roun' de house. An' ef you don' cotch him, like 's not somebody else will, an' whar you an' yo' stew an' yo' soup den? Wouldn't it be a heap sensibler in you fur to make sure o' him by gittin' holt o' him quick 's you ken, an' tyin' him to a stake on de bank 'ginst you want him? Dat ar 's de very thing I been gone an' done, my mistis. Ef I hadn't 'a' married Sally, somebody else would 'a' co'rted her while I was a-mo'rnin' for po' Sylvy, an' den—*dar!*'"

Uncle Archie's laugh was as fresh-hearted as a boy's. "Moral," he said: "Bradley would do well as a prudent provider to make sure of—Aunt Betsey—for fear of trespassers."

My mother shook her head.

"I said never a word about Mr. Bradley. My mind is running upon somebody worth fifty such men as the agreeable pedagogue. Don't frown. I like you for praising your friend, and he may be all you say, yet not your equal by many degrees. Surely, Archie—to come down to practical talk—you ought to profit by present prosperity. Even the small percentage of the proceeds of sales, etc., that you consented, five years ago, to accept as your share—you, to whom the estate owes so much, should justify you in thinking of your own happiness. You don't mind my plain speaking? We were boy and girl together, dear!"

"Did I ever 'mind' anything you said? I wanted to talk to you on this very subject. Two years ago I got my head above water. Last year I laid hold of a plank and climbed upon it. This year I have a little raft—not a smart affair, but staunch. I hope, and sometimes believe that it will, in the course of another year, be big enough to float two comfortably. Provided"—archly—"the second passenger is not very heavy."

His sister leaned forward and kissed him in the middle of his forehead, where I knew from the odd constraint in voice and manner blent with his forced gayety, that the branching vein was throbbing.

"Heavy or light, she will be a very happy woman, brother! She is a dear, warm-hearted child; ioving, sweet-tempered and pretty enough to turn even this steady head. I don't deny that I wanted you once to marry somebody else, but I am quite willing to believe that you are a better judge than I of what suits you."

"Will I suit *her*? That is the question that torments me!" broke out the man impetuously.

Up to this instant I had been aware that he framed his speech in the recollection that I was within ear-shot; that his mention of Aunt Betsey's name, and the figures of plank and raft were designed to bewilder me into loss of the clue to the real personages referred to, should I be listening instead of being absorbed in my book. They all had a notion that when I plunged into printed matter I became forthwith deaf and blind. They always talked before me with a freedom that would have been dangerous had I not been trained neither to interrupt the conversation of my elders by pert questions nor to repeat afterward what had not been addressed to me.

But this last ejaculation was in a different key—the minor of pain, doubt, longing, thrilling through strong desire, hope and thankfulness. It tingled along my nerves like the shock of a voltaic battery, and brought the first misgiving that I had no right to be where I was.

"Her views on this subject may not be the same as mine," he went on, using the plain, practical phrases habitual to him. I doubt if he could have found any others, even for love-making. "She is such a dainty little thing! refined in all her ways, and used to elegances I may never be able to give her, however good may be my will. I seem to myself sometimes to be nothing better than a clodhopper in her presence; sometimes a clod itself. She permits me to be her friend. She talks freely—almost confidentially—with me, as with an older brother. Will she be frightened—or disgusted—when I speak of what I have felt for her ever since she was a school-girl spending her summer vacations here with Maria? Am I too old, too sober, not intellectual enough for her? I turn these and forty other questions over in my mind until I am almost distracted."

"My poor boy! But I could laugh at your harrowing doubts if it were not *you* who are speaking. I know she respects and likes you. Why not, by one bold stroke, find out just how well?"

"I have had no right to speak out while she was our guest. No right to speak at all until I could maintain her comfortably. In what I am disposed to think are my sanest moments I am ready to believe that it would be rank presumption in the best man that ever lived to ask a girl like Virginia Dabney to marry him. For all that, the dearest hope I have in this world is that I may win her as *my wife*"—his voice sinking in a reverent cadence.

The Bible-stand toppled over with a resounding bang, and I scrambled up, very red in the face, very weak in the knees, and uncertain how to live through the next minute.

"JUDITH!"

My mother's countenance and emphasis revealed a new horror. She had not known until the crash came that I was in the room!

"Indeed, mamma, I came out as soon as I saw he had forgotten. I thought you saw me sitting there! I am so sorry! Uncle Archie knew—"

Tears drowned the words.

Uncle Archie picked up stand and Bible and restored them to their places. The momentary cloud was gone from his face when he turned to me. He put his arm about my waist and gathered me up close to him.

"I forgot her entirely," he said to his sister, "although I spoke to her just before you came in. She comes and goes like a shadow, always. She had a right to be here. It was no fault of hers that she heard what we said. And, when I think of it, I don't care much, Sweetbrier. You are a sensible little woman, who knows how to hold her tongue. I have trusted you before this, haven't I?" pulling up my chin that he might dry my eyes with his own handkerchief, and shedding into their wet depths the sweet brightness of a smile that made him to me the handsomest of men. "I am not very wise about signs, but I don't think it can be lucky to cry long on Christmas Eve. And it would never do,"—he stooped to say it in my ear—"for Somebody to think we are not glad to see her."

As I ran up stairs to bathe my face and brush my hair, I heard the door of "the chamber" open, and in the hall the voices and footsteps of my father and

younger uncles; expectant and hospitable. I flew to an upper window in time to see the carriage at the gate in the wan shimmer cast by the yellowish clouds where the sun had gone down. Four men were hurrying down the walk. Mr. Bradley sprang out before they reached the gate. An imposing bevy attended the young ladies to the house. The shorter of the two had my Uncle Stirling on one side and my father on the other. The stripling Wythe, her vehement admirer,

walked abreast of these, carrying her shawl and hand-basket. Mr. Bradley stayed behind to superintend the unpacking of the chariot he had seen loaded with Christmas parcels. He drew them out with his own hands, and gave them to the servants in waiting. The wind made a merry mixture of voices and laughter. Uncle Archie gave his left arm to his weary sister, brought on the other sundry bundles of fragile articles, too precious to be intrusted to rough or careless bearers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "CLE."

BY GEORGE W. CHILDS.

AMONG the many drooping, pale-visaged creatures daily to be seen crossing backward and forward over the only foot-bridge which for several years following the war spanned the James at Richmond into the various cotton and woolen mills located at its southern end, was an attractive-looking girl, tall, fair-haired, straight as an arrow, and about eighteen or nineteen years of age. With her companions she went by the name of Cle, which was all that was left of the illustrious polysyllable given her at birth by her parents, in a manifestation of that love of distinguished names peculiar to very poor people, and which tired lips, finding its impracticability, had first shortened to Cleora, and then to Cle, thus reversing the process of the oak and acorn. As it is hardly possible to conceive of Antony addressing his mistress as "Cle," or even as "Pat," this consideration, I think, should deter people from making so free with great names, seeing that appropriation is not the only and least offense, but abuse follows also. But, however that may be, it is certain that our heroine's chances in life were not much affected by this extremity of wit, while her convenience—and that of others—certainly was.

Both the girl's parents had died when she was very young, and she had lived ever since with her grandmother, a bent and broken old woman, who for years had been hopelessly wedded to the wash-tub and ironing-board. Four of the nineteen years of her life had been spent in the mill. It was a rough experience, and had left its marks, deep and cruel, which would never rub out. For all that, however, she could still be called handsome. Compared with her mill companions, she was almost a belle. Her cheek was ruddier, her eye more lustrous, her step more elastic, her spirits lighter, her laugh gayer, her good-humor more abundant, though only in a relative sense, for in truth the shadow of the mill seemed to remain with all it fell upon.

No one unfamiliar with it can form any idea of the weary monotony of mill-life—its distracting clamor and painful toil. The girl's brain was scarcely free even in sleep from the constant whirr and roar and rattle of the machinery. Still, bad though this undoubtedly was, it might easily have been a great deal worse, for as in nature the seemingly lowest deep has all the infinity of space beyond it, so in human life do we never reach the extreme of any of its conditions, good or bad, and there were accordingly possibilities of suffering beyond her hard lot to which it would have seemed positive bliss in comparison. She was not philosopher enough to know

this, however, or sufficiently optimistic in her views to find contentment in her present condition. So she sighed for deliverance from it.

The main characteristic of her mind was a supersensitiveness to these lowly aspects of her life. She was full of desires and aspirations for something less base. And yet, so strange is the human heart sometimes, one of the things least likely for her to do would be to change that life for a better, unless it could be secured by her own exertions. She felt the sting of poverty and mean employment so keenly that she would have hesitated fully as long to rise out of her humble sphere as to descend below it. This peculiarity borne in mind, all that follows is, I think, consistent and natural.

One raw evening in November she returned home from the mill to find her grandmother prostrated with a sudden and severe attack of illness. The old woman had been very active and strong in her younger days, but her years and labors now made themselves felt; and as it is generally the case with these sturdy and energetic people that the first signs of failure are not far in advance of the final breaking-up, her chances of recovery were slim indeed. If she ever regained her feet it would not be that winter at any rate—at least, so the doctor said.

Here was rest from the mill at last—but what sort of rest was it? None at all, in fact; for now, beside acting in the capacity of nurse to a sick and querulous old woman, the girl had to take her place at the wash-tub, and drudge for a living as hard as she could. Not much relief that!

Thus began for Cle a still harder fight with fate, and with little prospect of change, except for the worse. And not only was the battle to be fought out alone, but against many obstacles and through the hardest part of the year. It was a prospect that might well have appalled a stouter heart than hers, and often she almost sank under the weight of her task. Trudging after the heavy baskets of soiled linen, then the washing, then the ironing—varied by the wearisome exactions of disease and old age—then the trudging back again with the burdens of clean linen—these, with constant repetition, made up the sum of her daily life. And yet she had often to be thankful that she had learned to do this labor, despicable though it was.

Among her patrons—or rather her grandmother's—was the proprietress of a small hotel, or gentlemen's boarding-house, situated in the lower part of the town. It was her custom to take the work home on Saturday evenings, and get a fresh supply at the same time also. She always dreaded the recurrence of these occasions,



for the basket was heavy and the distance considerable.

One Saturday afternoon, just before Christmas, she took her basket as usual and went to the hotel. A deep snow was on the ground. Rain had also fallen during the day and made a slush ankle-deep.

She reached the hotel dreadfully tired and almost benumbed with the cold. Her feet, to which the slush had penetrated through her imperfect shoes, were lumps of ice. The arm on which she had borne the heavy basket seemed about to drop from her shoulder.

As night was rapidly approaching, she remained at the hotel but a short while. As she descended the stairs on her return, she passed a young man on one of the landings. He was a rather good-looking young fellow of twenty-four or five, fair-skinned and light-haired, tolerably stout, well-dressed, and had a mild manner and an ingratiating smile. Cle had seen him several times before on her visits to the hotel, and she had observed, without appearing to do so—which is an easy thing for a woman to do—that he seemed to regard her with considerable interest. As he had made no demonstration, however, she had not paid much attention to his scrutiny.

He lifted his hat as she approached, and remarked with a light smile:

"A bad evening for you, miss. You will have a disagreeable walk home."

"Yes, sir," she replied, without stopping; "it will be very unpleasant I fear."

"I'm afraid you have made it too late—it is almost dark now," he rejoined, following her to the door, which was but a few feet away, and holding it open for her. "Are you not afraid to go alone?"

"Oh, no, sir; I often do. I'm not a bit afraid," she hastily replied, and, bidding him good evening, hurried on into the fast-gathering darkness.

When she had gone about half the distance, and was beginning to falter under the weight of the basket, together with the difficulty of walking through the rough but slippery snow, now fast hardening in the night air, she heard quick steps behind her, which soon came up to her side. She saw it was the young man who had accosted her at the hotel.

"I beg your pardon," he said at once; "I hope you will not blame me for coming after you, but I was really quite uneasy about you. I was afraid you might be molested, or would find your basket too much for your strength. Won't you permit me to relieve you of it, and to bear you company?"

As he spoke he laid his hand on the basket to take it from her, but Cle did not relinquish her hold.

"I thank you, sir," she said, "but I think I can manage it. I am not much tired, and am almost home now."

She spoke quietly, only a little quickness of tone betraying the slight trepidation she felt at the predicament she found herself in, which was also responsible for her unconscious prevarication.

"At least you will let me see you a part of the way," he said, simulating a little grieved surprise at her rejection of his offer. "I really do not think it safe for you to be unattended at this hour, and with the streets in such bad condition. You might fall and hurt yourself seriously with that heavy basket. Let me take it, I entreat you, if only for a short distance."

As he spoke he again laid hold of the basket, and before she could determine how to act he had taken it from her and placed it upon his own arm. The girl was in a quandary. The etiquette of the cotton-mill had not

prepared her for such emergencies. She, therefore, did the wisest thing under the circumstances—that is, nothing—but held her peace and walked quietly on by the young man's side, allowing him to sustain the conversation alone, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, he found no difficulty in doing.

They walked on together until the corner turning just to her house was reached. The young man had apparently exerted himself to be agreeable, and had fairly succeeded. The girl was forced to own to herself that he was a very pleasant young gentleman, and had lightened the walk home considerably. He had relieved it to the extent of the heavy basket, at any rate, which of itself was no small item.

When they reached the before-mentioned corner, upon her casually stating its location with respect to her home, he said he believed he would take leave of her there, and bidding her good-night, he went leisurely on his way.

This was the beginning of Cle's and William Lawrence's acquaintance. She frequently saw him afterward on her trips to the hotel, and he had always a bow and smile and pleasant word to exchange with her. Once in awhile he walked with her as before. She soon found herself meeting and thinking of him without restraint. She was favorably impressed with all he said or did. No one, it is hardly necessary to say, had ever shown her such polite attention. Her inferior appearance and fortune seemed to weigh as nothing against her in his estimation. Altogether, she admired him more than she did any one she had ever met.

Now it is certain that many a girl, poor and lowly born, would in like case straightway have made a fool of herself. Not so with Cle. The peculiar formation of her mind before alluded to saved her from this, and all it might have led to; besides, her hard lot admitted of no such fanciful employment. Ludicrous as may seem the simile, had she suspected the existence of any vagrant feeling for Lawrence in her breast, she would have wrung the life out of it as she wrung the clothes from the wash every day, until the last trace of the sentiment was destroyed. At least, that is what she would have attempted to do; whether her performance would have been commensurate with her efforts is another matter.

Lawrence, on his part, was scarcely less to be commended. He was one of a numerous class of young men, superficial and careless, not specially aiming to do wrong, yet heedless of results, and incapable of systematic pursuit of anything, pleasure included. Carelessness, indeed, is their ruling trait. With such, a flirtation is a small matter, easily begun and soon ended. Many, greatly their superiors in every way, don't do half so well in this respect. They have seldom anything more serious than a waste of time to answer for—if it be possible to waste that of which there is always a superabundance. This is not the common belief, I know, but it is the truth for all that. The eagle is a high-soaring bird, but is of the vulture tribe, nevertheless.

But even granting that Lawrence's intentions were more open to criticism than in fact they were, he would soon have seen that he was mistaken in their object; that the girl's serious mind and painful life left her no opportunity or relish for such frivolities. Not having his mind specially burdened with a base motive, however, he had not to wait for this revelation at all, but was cognizant of her true position and the extent to which he might safely venture from the first. His real danger was in something entirely different—an impres-

sionable mind, a sort of heedless universal sympathy, common to such natures, which seems peculiarly efficacious in getting its possessors into awkward difficulties, which a cold, careful organization easily avoids. Therefore, the pleasure he had felt from the first in her society soon deepened into a strong personal interest—not love as yet, but that nameless charm which is the invariable forerunner of it.

One night when the weather was rough and threatening he met her just as she was setting out from the hotel. He turned and went back with her. A heavy rain began falling as they neared the parting place, and he had consequently to give her the protection of his umbrella the entire way home. For some reason he had never hitherto accompanied her beyond the before-mentioned corner. He stayed to chat awhile at the door and then took his leave, and in doing so extended his hand toward her. She gave him hers, a little hesitatingly, and received a decidedly perceptible squeeze of it for her pains.

When he had gone she busied herself about her household affairs—in supplying her grandmother's needs and bestowing some attention upon her own simple interests, after which she went to bed, it being about ten o'clock.

Just on the stroke of twelve she was aroused by a sound as of some one moaning in pain. She sprang up in alarm and bent over her grandmother, anxiously interrogating her as to her sufferings. The only response she received was a feeble motion toward the left side, speech having apparently deserted the old woman.

Almost terrified, she hastily threw on her clothes and hurried over to the house opposite for help. She soon aroused the inmates and returned with their promise to follow at once. When she again reached the sick bed her grandmother was gasping for breath, her withered hands clasped tightly over her heart. The labored respiration grew feebler with every pulse, and when the neighbors presently arrived it was at once clear to their larger experience that the great change was at hand. When the morning's sun arose and shone over the glittering, snow-clad streets, Cle stood in the world, which had always frowned so harshly upon her, utterly friendless, hopeless and alone.

## II

AFTER the first shock of grief at her grandmother's death had passed away, Cle aroused to a sense of the necessity for immediate action in her own behalf. She might have continued on as she had been doing perhaps, though on a smaller scale, her strength being already much impaired. But that she was not greatly disposed to do, the kind of work being very distasteful as well as difficult to her. When she began to look around in her mind, however, she was dismayed to find so few avenues of labor open. She was a very poor hand at sewing, never having done much of it. Of housework she knew nothing, except of the humblest kinds. Having had no experience with children, except the youthful terrors of the mill, she shrank from the nursery. At the various occupations of women and girls in manufacturing pursuits other than the one she had learned she could, on account of her inexperience, make little or nothing—at least, not for some time—and she must live *now*. What to do, therefore, in this dilemma she did not know, unless—unless—and she resolutely turned from it a long time, until it was at length forced upon her—unless she returned upon her steps and re-entered the mill, whose heavy doors she hoped had closed behind her forever.

But as it was clear to her that she must do something, and at once, her indecision was not of long duration. She saw that there was nothing for it but to go back to the mill, and the habit of industry setting firmly on her by this time, she at once went about taking steps to do so.

The first thing to do was, obviously, to inform her patrons she could no longer serve them. With this object in view, she went down to the hotel one evening in the latter part of January to acquaint her chief customer, Mrs. Brown, with her intention.

She started on her return about dusk, and at the corner next the hotel ran upon Lawrence, who was just going to supper.

He greeted her warmly, shaking hands as though he had not seen her for a year, instead of only a few days. He knew of her recent bereavement, having, in fact, been of considerable service during the period of trouble, which had also moved him a step farther in his attitude toward the girl, her exemplary deportment—she had behaved with much fortitude—under trying circumstances, so different from what his own would have been, eliciting his profoundest admiration. He had not determined how far it should carry him, however, abstractions usually sufficing his careless good-nature.

"You seem always to be running away when I come," he said, offering his arm with the intention of going back with her.

She answered with a smile that it did seem so, and charged it to the bad hours he kept.

He laughed, and said he would reform if she would promise to make it worth his while.

"How is it," he said, when this little pleasantry was exhausted, "that you have not your basket with you as usual? It looks odd to see you without it—like Little Red Riding-Hood without her hood."

"Like a hod-carrier without his hod you mean, don't you?" she returned bitterly. "I haven't it because I am not going to have it any more."

"You don't mean that you and Mrs. B."—his usual term for his landlady—"have had a falling-out?"

"Oh, no; nothing of the sort. I'm going to give up washing, that's all."

He was greatly interested.

"May I ask," he said, "without seeming impertinent, what you propose doing?"

He was fearful lest something might happen to cause him to lose sight of her. Knowing that it was impossible since her grandmother's death to visit her—but that he had never done at any time, however—he set a high value upon these chance meetings her connection with the hotel afforded.

"I mean," she answered, "to go back to the mill where I worked before grandmother was taken sick."

She had acquainted him with that fact also.

Lawrence was greatly concerned at her announcement. He knew something of the mill by hearsay, and knew what a living death it was.

"You don't really mean that, Miss Cle, I hope," he said. "I have heard the mill is a dreadful place—for the health, I mean—and the work very hard."

Hard labor was his *bête noire*. He would rather a light purse than a heavy task.

"It is bad for the health," she replied, "but I cannot help myself. The work is hard, too, I know, but I like it better than washing."

"Do anything but go back to the mill!" he exclaimed earnestly. "You will kill yourself. Why not continue as you have been doing for a while longer, and in the meantime look about you for some other employment? I will help you find it."



"Thank you, Mr. Lawrence," she said. "I believe you would help me if you could, but I have thought it all over and there is no other way—I must go back. There is really nothing else to be done."

And now his heedlessness played him a trick, indeed. He exclaimed impulsively:

"Then don't do anything else, if it comes to that! Cle, I love you! Come to me!"

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence!"

Her surprise was genuine; she had not expected this. She dropped her eyes to the ground, but only for a moment. Lifting them, she looked him squarely in the face. Both had stopped their walk insensibly. It was a quiet locality where they stood, just off the main business street, and few pedestrians were to be encountered.

"I love you," he repeated. "I have loved you a long time." (He really thought he had, so gradual had been the progress of his infatuation.) "Cease this horrid drudgery, Cle, and let me take care of you!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a tone as even as her glance.

He repeated his declaration, adding, "Be my wife, Cle, and you shall want for nothing again."

"You don't mean it," she said, still looking steadily at him. "You marry me! You could not do it. I am too far beneath you. You only mean to mock me when you say it."

"I do mean it," he protested. "I do love you. I love you, and want your love in return. It would break my heart," he went on affectedly, "to see you go back to the mill."

"And that is what you mean by saying you love me?" she returned. "You only pity me. No, it is not love, and you deceive yourself."

This cool, matter-of-fact way of talking was disconcerting to Lawrence. Not having foreseen his declaration he had not the advantage of a previous mental rehearsal. But the girl's quiet manner and words acted on him as such always do on shallow natures. While he could not quite understand them, they yet made him underrate her power of resistance, and determined him to press his suit still farther. Had she been the most finished coquette she could not have acted better. He began to plead.

"Please do not mistrust me, Cle. Believe that I love you. Say that I am beloved in turn. I will do everything to make you happy. Your life shall be free from care and toil. Together we will live only to know what happiness is. Say that you love me and will be my wife!"

The girl did not speak at once. His earnestness, so unusual in him, affected her in spite of herself. Her embarrassment, however, was but momentary. It did not take her long to prove conclusively, to her own mind at least, that she could not listen to what he had said. She did not ask herself if she loved him; to do her justice, she had never even thought of such a thing. She had accepted his friendship gratefully, but she had never dreamed of anything beyond that. Up to that hour, indeed, the question of marriage had been farther from her thoughts than any other of the important problems of life.

But a marriage with Lawrence, of all men she knew, was to her mind the least of all things possible. That he could be in earnest she could not believe. Not for a moment could she entertain anything so wildly absurd. He was immeasurably her superior in every way. He was far removed from her sphere of life. She thought him a gentleman in all the term implies—in both the use

and abuse of the word. To think of marrying such a man—she the mill-girl, the washerwoman—was mere moonshine madness. No, she could not believe it.

"No, Mr. Lawrence," she said after a few moments of this silent thought-conflict, "it cannot be. I am not the one for you. My life has been too rough, and I should be out of place in a higher station. I am not lady enough to be the wife of a gentleman. You have spoken hastily, and will think better of it to-morrow."

At this moment a crowd of people, excited and noisy, came down a side street toward them. A fierce, burly negro, coatless and hatless, stood in the midst, a policeman on either side, each with a hand on his shoulder.

The two turned away to avoid the crowd. Their conversation was interrupted, and in a few moments the girl's home was reached. Brief as was the interruption, however, it had sufficed for her to go over his proposal in her mind again, which resulted in still more deeply convincing her that he could never seriously intend to do so foolish a thing as his words implied. With that acquired sense of degradation upon her, she could not conceive of any sane man, so far above her as she considered Lawrence to be, doing anything so supremely ridiculous. Nor did she stop there. Woman-like, she went at once to extremes, and made a mountain of her mole-hill straightway. She had been mistaken in him. He only meant to trifle with her. His compassion would not carry him through to the end, or if it did it would ultimately degenerate into contempt and loathing. She, therefore, resolved to end their acquaintance at once.

"I must tell you good-by now," she said.

He started. "You mean good-night," he returned. "Yes, I'll not detain you longer. I did not mean to come so far."

"No, I must tell you good-by," she repeated. "It will be best for us not to meet again."

Had he been wise he would simply have acquiesced, for the time being at least, and gone about his business, trusting to the future to make all things right. But not being so endowed he still clung to hope, no doubt thinking her as easily moved as himself.

"Do not say that, Cle," he pleaded. "Do not drive me from you. You will think better of it soon, and I will see you again. My happiness is at stake."

"And so is mine," she answered. "I must think of myself for once. No, it can never be, and you must now say good-by."

She ascended the short step and placed the key in the lock, turning it and throwing open the door.

"Good-by," she repeated, turning round upon him again with a little forced laugh. "Go home and get a good night's rest, and you will awake in the morning to thank your stars that you are still a free man."

She extended her hand toward him as she spoke, and he grasped it with fervor.

"Will nothing change you?" he wailed mournfully.

"Nothing, Mr. Lawrence," she answered, "nothing. You have made a mistake; that is all. Good-by."

He saw at length that his case was hopeless. So, raising her hand to his lips, he kissed it passionately, and went away.

Left to herself, Cle's mood became a serious one. The inevitable revulsion of feeling was there. She believed she had acted wisely, and yet—and yet she was compelled to own to a misgiving at her heart. Now that he was gone, she began to think of him more tenderly. The past took on a different hue. His friendship had been more precious to her than she thought. And his fear of her going back to the mill—that hateful

mill—how tender of him! How considerate! What if he did really love her after all? What if he should still in the future? Could she, should she, ought she not to yield? Should she deny herself happiness when it was in her grasp? She whose periods of joy could be counted by days—nay, hours! People had married out of their station before and been happy; why not she? A woman's influence is not confined to any one sphere. Like the beams of the sun, it irradiates and warms other worlds than its own.

She put her hands before her eyes and rocked mournfully in her chair. Tears trickled through her fingers. Never since her grandmother's death had she felt so miserable or so lonely. Her heart's secret at last revealed itself. A despairing sob escaped her, and the words came forth in broken accents:

"Yes, I love him! I love him! I love him!"

And then came calmer moments—moments of despair. He was gone. She had voluntarily driven him away. There was no help for it now. She must live on as best she could—alone! Oh, why is it, she cried, why is it that the knowledge of what is good for us comes so late, and of what is evil comes so soon? Why could she not have known her love before? And how was it now, when she had repelled him with ease, almost indifference, that her heart lay supine before him? Alas! how little had she known the secret of her own poor nature! And how dearly had the knowledge cost her gained too late—too late! The half of every woman's heart is in the grave of buried hopes or happiness. That's why the sex love the dead so much.

However, it was all over now, and she must meet the fate she had herself invited. The future stretched before her dark and cheerless. There was no ray of hope in all the weary years to come. With her feeling of loneliness intensified a thousand-fold, she threw herself upon her couch and sought relief in God's "beloved sleep."

### III

ONCE more Cle crossed the long bridge to the mill. Once more the whirling wheels and twisting cords and rattling spindles made a horrible accompaniment to all her daily thoughts and nightly dreams. From early morn till late at night the mill claimed her, and its shadow rested upon her through all the remaining time. She began to grow moody and austere. Small things which gave her pleasure before now lost all their charm. Her sprightliness departed. She became in a few weeks almost as staid and methodical as the oldest employé. Trouble and toil mature one sooner than years.

The months passed away, and the river began to look warm again. The slender crusts of ice along its shores and over its shallowest beds vanished and left no trace. Winter's gray veil ascended, and in its place summer's emerald robe drooped lovingly over the wooded islands and banks of the stream. The return of longer and warmer days brought with them the end of long hours at the mill. The lamps went out with the winter.

The "lighting-up" season is disliked by the operatives more than any other feature of their employment. It was no light thing for Cle, in more senses than one, to get up and breakfast before dawn and then go out under the pale stars or icy moon and cross the river to the dreadful mill. It was almost as bad as not going to bed at all. Some of the hands, in fact, seemed not to do so. There was one in particular, a shriveled-up, bent old woman named Mrs. Slydenstricker, who had a tall, shuffling grandson, nicknamed "Dutchy," both of whom used to call her regularly every morning

about four o'clock, until, in consequence of their coming one bitterly cold morning at three, she quarreled with them and forbade their coming any more. They would get to the mill long before it was opened, and have to stand out in the cold; but, so great was their fear of being late and risking a discharge, they turned out just as early every morning; sometimes arriving nearer midnight than sunrise. They had no clock, and they were never able to buy one.

During all this time Cle had neither seen nor heard from Lawrence, and she naturally supposed he had acquiesced in her wishes and was keeping out of the way. But in this she was vastly mistaken. The very fault of his nature, its careless superficiality, had kept him from this. Easily shaken from any position himself, he imagined others might be as readily influenced. He had not let her see him, partly because he was fearful of offending her, and partly because he had not yet been able to make up his mind what course to adopt. It is paradoxical, but true, that the less mind one has the longer it takes to make it up.

However, he at length got that refractory organism in shape and resolved upon a line of conduct. In pursuance of it he stationed himself on the bridge one Saturday afternoon, with the intention of waiting until Cle should come along on her way home, which she would of course do earlier that day than usual.

He beguiled the time of waiting in watching the traps then scattered along the line of the bridge, but since removed, being rewarded now and then with the sight of a floundering captive. He knew very little about fish, in their natural state at least, which was the cause of a great humiliation befalling him. Having just observed a diminutive one safely stranded on the bars of the trap he was watching, he turned to a tall, weather-beaten, fishy-eyed old fellow standing near, with a blaze of red hair all about his face, and asked him what kind of a fish it was.

"It's a putch" (perch), the old man replied, ejecting a jill of tobacco-juice on the trap; "they're jes' beginnin' ter run."

"Run! How run?" Lawrence asked.

The old man gazed at him silently a moment, spat again, then turning slowly on his heel, grunted, "Head-fomost, you fool," and walked off.

Lawrence felt as if he had made a bad beginning, so he abandoned the traps and their funny fruit and confined his attention to less uncertain things. He felt, as all of us have at times, that the cost of knowledge is far too dear.

At length he desisted Cle coming over the bridge. Several other girls were with her. As in their freshly-gained freedom they felt a little elated, they were conversing together with some animation, and consequently she did not observe Lawrence until they were almost upon him. She started and changed color, but mindful that she was not alone, controlled herself and walked steadily on.

He raised his hat as she came up, and wished her good evening. She returned his salutation, and when she saw his purpose to join them, introduced him in a general way to her companions, whom he threw into a state of consternation by treating them with equal politeness. They were not very well accustomed to such gallant behavior.

"Why did you do this?" she said, in a low, grieved tone, when their companions had fallen a little behind. The meeting had awakened a painful feeling in her breast—the struggle between her love and her resolution to sacrifice it, for the discovery of its existence had

not brought also the assurance that it would be crowned with happiness. She still had much of her old doubt of him, though not the same capacity for yielding to it.

"Because I could not help it," he replied.

"But you should have helped it," she said. "You have not forgotten our last parting?"

"That was just what did it," he answered. "Had we not parted in the way we did, had you given me some ground of hope, however slight, I could have stood it better."

"But I told you it was to be our last parting," she returned. "You should have remembered it, and I am angry with you for not doing so."

"Are you?" he asked quizzically. His mood was changing. He had noted the slight shade of grief and concern in her voice, and it had deprived him of much of both.

"Yes, I am—very angry," she repeated. "I told you it would be better for us not to meet again, and thought you had agreed to it."

"Which was the reason you did not refuse to notice me on the bridge," he rejoined, looking slyly at her as he said it. She turned away her head. He had guessed the truth—she was glad to see him. But he must not know it.

"Haven't you missed me, Cle—just a little?" he whispered, seeing that the silence which succeeded his last remark had to be broken by himself.

"No, I haven't," she answered stoutly. "Why should you think so, sir?"

"Oh, merely by the way I have felt. I have missed you terribly," he said, trying to fetch a sigh and failing. He was beginning to think his sighing days were over.

"I don't doubt it," she answered.

He saw by the way she spoke that she was, with great inconsistency, blaming him for staying away so long; and he knew at least enough of women not to expect consistency from them. Who ever did?

His elevated spirits rose still higher. He was almost certain now that she loved him, and he would have sought to end the matter then and there but for the difficulty of making love in the open street in broad daytime, with a parcel of foolish girls, who would misunderstand and magnify his slightest word or action, only a few feet behind them. And, indeed, it was too bad. He had looked forward to this meeting with great impatience, and meant that it should avail him much.

Casting about in his mind for a way out of the difficulty, he at length hit upon an idea he thought might serve, though there were doubts. When feeling in his vest pocket for the necessary toll-money, he had abstracted at the same time two small, blue oblong pieces of pasteboard, which were no other than tickets to a certain entertainment to come off the following Monday night at a church in the upper portion of the city. He had been cajoled and teased into buying them by the pretty little daughter of his landlady.

He broached the subject to Cle, and begged the favor of her company. At first she flatly refused. She had not entered a church-door for years, and she had never gone so gallantly attended as she would be with Lawrence. There was nothing strange about her refusal whatever; but when he had talked a while and explained that it was not a fashionable church, and that few people were likely to be there, and that they would go into the lecture-room only, and could sit back near the door if she preferred it, and so on, she began to think better of it, and would perhaps have yielded unconditionally but for certain doubts she had on a matter of supreme importance to women.

"I'm afraid I cannot go," she said.

"Why?"

"I have nothing to wear."

He laughed at the trite excuse.

"That will not make any difference," he said; "though I know you exaggerate the trouble. In fact, it might be an advantage. Should they conclude to remember the foreign heathen as usual, they won't shove the contribution-box at you."

She laughed in turn, and said he ought to be ashamed of himself. Her humor was vastly improved. They were getting to be very good friends again, she thought.

It ended in her agreeing to go if he would promise not to be ashamed of her when they got there. He answered assuringly and with a jest, and her home being near by this time, he bade them all "Good afternoon," and went off whistling.

What a contrast was this parting with the last! And how had her resolves, and sorrows, too, all passed away before the pleasure his presence brought her!

#### IV

LAWRENCE was punctual the next Monday evening, and they went off to the church in high glee. If the services were to have anything of a devotional nature about them, these two, at least, were not likely to profit much therefrom. He was right. She had exaggerated the difficulty. She looked neat enough for anybody to go anywhere with, he thought. She had made the most of what she had, sitting up nearly all night to put in here and there a few fresh touches. She could easily have spared herself the trouble, however, if not the gratification, for anything she might have worn would have been perfection in his eyes.

The entertainment, which consisted of readings, recitations and music, was like all of its kind, and may be described in a few words. The singing was first bad, then good; that is to say, severely scientific renditions of difficult operatic extracts were followed in response to *encores* by delightful little heart-thrilling ballads, which took away the gloomy feeling the former had left, at least upon the more ignorant and consequently larger portion of the audience. The readings and recitations were characterized by the usual daring originality of conception and recklessness of rendition, and owed their success largely, as is also usual, to the many personal charms of the fair elocutionist. Plainness and talent rarely go hand-in-hand in this connection. The amateur fiddlers fiddled their way industriously through the pieces and the door, reappearing at stated intervals to repeat the process. These presented the usual diversified types of manly beauty who take to fiddling as a natural pursuit. Did you ever observe the variegated appearance of an orchestra? There was one with an earnest look, a dried-apple face and bald head, who was evidently paid by the note; and another, of a ponderous body and determined air, who seemed to be carving a cohesive gobbler; and still another, of proportions so "long drawn out" he appeared, in his inspired performance, to be gradually fiddling himself up through the roof. This fiddling Colossus had a bumpy head and bushy hair. The distance from his brows to the top of his crown was very great, and presented an interminable tangle of sandy growth like electrified fiddle-strings. He fiddled to such good purpose that a solo was necessary to appease the audience.

All this was of course very pleasant to Cle, and she enjoyed herself heartily. On coming out they went by the Capital Square, admiring, or pretending to, the beautiful monument and stately State House, which did



really look beautiful in the silvery moonlight. The locality was very quiet, and Lawrence pitched upon it as the battle-ground of his fate. Apparently there was little prospect of much of an engagement.

"Cle," he began, "you know why I have sought this opportunity?"

"No, I do not," she murmured, though the pale moonlight could never have given the ruddy tint to her cheek which glowed there.

"Am I still to be mistrusted and treated as an enemy?" he asked in an injured tone.

"Am I treating you as an enemy?" she said gently, letting her gaze meet his for a moment.

"What else do you call it, when you make me stay whole months away from you, and when you see that I am miserable without you?" He flicked spitefully at a pebble on the sidewalk with his stick.

"I have told you why," she said. "I am not worthy of you. You would soon tire of one so far beneath you as I am."

The shadow of the mill was still upon her, but doubt had paled and was passing slowly away.

"Still the old story!" he exclaimed. "You are thinking of the mill. It is always the mill. What has the mill done? Has it poisoned anybody? Has it killed any one?"

"Indeed it has," she quickly rejoined. "Many have been poisoned and many have been killed by it! I feel that it has almost done both for me," she added, wearily.

He was touched. "Then why did you go back to it?" he said earnestly: "there was no need."

"Indeed there was need," she replied; "I could not starve."

"You choose to forget," he said, "that there was a way out of it. But I must submit. I told you, though, that you would regret it. You had better have listened to me."

It was an unfortunate speech. There are people to whom "I told you so!" must never be said, and Cle was precisely one of that sort. Even now she was not going to be pitied by him. All her old doubt and suspicion flashed up in an instant.

"Did I not tell you," she exclaimed, half stopping and turning toward him, "that it was not that you cared anything for me, but only that my misfortune had excited your pity? I did not—I do not want to be pitied. I went of my own free will—and I will go again!"

There was an ominous decisive ring in her voice, which frightened him not a little. She was thoroughly angry.

"I did not mean to reproach you with it, as you seem to think, although you do not say so," he rejoined; "but Heaven knows I do pity you and all like you."

No young man can play the paternal to a young woman with success, and Lawrence signally failed.

"I do not want to be pitied," she reiterated. "I can do that for myself. Let us go home."

It is of such stuff that lovers' quarrels are made—light as air and yet as ponderable. But many a battle has been lost and won by trifles just as light yet forceful.

Though he tried hard, Lawrence failed to restore her good-humor, and, notwithstanding the bright promise of their setting out, the return home and subsequent parting was shadowed over by the same clouds of doubt and mistrust and prejudice as before.

"Go up to the spinning-room," said the manager of the weaving department to Cle one day, several weeks after this, "and tell Mr. Chesley to send a man down

here to help me fix some machinery. Tell him a new hand will do, as I only want some lifting done."

Cle performed the errand and returned to her work.

She was mechanically tending her loom, her well-trained fingers needing no directing sense, and allowing her thoughts to dwell upon the drama of her life, when suddenly the fall of some heavy body, followed by a cry of pain, startled her out of her reverie. She turned to see what the matter was, and at the farther end of the room beheld the manager stooping over a piece of frame-work of some sort, and attempting to lift it, while a knot of operatives was quickly gathering around him. She stopped her loom and went forward also. When she reached the spot the manager had lifted the beam aside, and was engaged in examining the arm of a man sitting on the floor. She drew nearer, and looking over the shoulder of the woman in front of her beheld—Lawrence!

Yes, it was he, and blood was flowing from his arm to the ground. She grew sick and faint, and, turning away, sat down unnoticed.

Presently she saw the men go out and the crowd of operatives slowly disperse to their work. She returned to her own, but without any sense of what she was doing. She was dazed and bewildered. What did it all mean? What was he doing there? The crimson tide that all at once surged over her neck and swept her cheeks and bathed her forehead and temples told that the answer was found, and joy had come with it. She guessed it all in a moment. This was to be loved indeed.

Yes, the foolish fellow, despairing of ever convincing her by ordinary means of the sincerity of his profession, had resolved to do so in an extraordinary way. If the mill stood between them, he would get on her side of it. That was the only direction whence it could be successfully attacked and leveled. So he had applied for a place, obtained it, and had gone to work that very morning. There was no one to prevent his doing as he pleased, and he had pleased to do this foolish thing. As we have seen, he was called upon at the outset to pay for his folly, his easy life and awkwardness at anything like manual labor causing the accident. Fortunately, he was not much hurt, escaping with a badly-mashed but still sound arm.

As she perhaps expected, he was waiting for her when she came out to go home. In fact, the almost certainty that he would be had caused her to hurry out ahead of the others, and she appeared alone. They went on together over the bridge.

"How much longer is this to last, Cle?" he said, when preliminaries were over. "Don't you see that I am miserable and—" with a comical glance at his wounded arm—"badly damaged besides? Tell me what I am to expect."

It was characteristic of her sex that she should feign, as she did, not to understand him, even at that decisive moment. A mystery is dearer than life itself to a woman—the greatest mystery of all; and although she was overflowing with love for him and compassion for his injury, she must still act the little comedy out. Besides, she must not lose her future advantage over him by appearing too anxious or yielding too easily now. So she asked, very demurely:

"How much longer is what to last, Mr. Lawrence?"

"This," he repeated, "this uncertainty and suspense you are keeping me in. You know what I mean, Cle. You know that I love you and want your love in return; and not only that, but I want you to marry me."

"And have I not told you I cannot?" she said.

"But that was a long—a very long time ago, Cle. You have changed your mind since."

"How do you know I have changed my mind, sir?"

"Oh, I do not know, but I believe you have. Surely you have tried me enough!"

"But what if I still hold to my decision?" The cat could neither kill the mouse nor let it go.

"You cannot, Cle! you cannot!" he cried. "For God's sake do not torture me!"

He was more in earnest than she had thought he could be, for though she loved him, or perhaps because of it, she had read his nature long ago and knew that it was not a deep one. But love works wondrous changes in the human heart, and we need never be surprised at any of its manifestations. Divine love is the one

thing omnipotent, but human affection comes next nearest it.

"Would it please you very much if I consented?" she asked, glancing shyly aside over the bridge at the ruddy spring current rushing under it.

"Would it!" The accent expressed volumes.

"And you will not be ashamed of me either—of my poverty and—the mill?"

"Your shame—if shame it be—is mine now. I share it," he returned.

"Then—I consent—William. God grant you may never regret it!"

Heedless of his wounded arm, he took her to his heart there on the bridge and kissed her once, twice, thrice.

## THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER V.

LINDA looked with a half-jealous, half-admiring interest at Miss Dunbar's flushed cheeks, as she served the little dinner, but long experience had taught her the advantages of silence, and she contented herself with merely the slight reprimand that ten years of service warranted.

"I done tole you so, Miss 'Lizabeth. I knowed you wouldn't get no rest, an' that you'd be a talkin' here an' a talkin' there, an' the whole country a-comin' to pour out their troubles. 'Pears like as if some folks was made to swaller everything for other folks that haven't no reason not to do their own swallerin'."

Miss Dunbar smiled slightly, but made no reply, and Linda took refuge in slight sniffs and occasional sighs, returning to her usual manner when she found that no impression was to be made in this way; but discussing the situation at length with George, who groaned and lifted his hands till the tide turned and Linda announced with dignity that she reckoned Miss 'Lizabeth had a right to please herself, an' nobody should interfere while she was in the house, to which George, after one look of surprise, returned:

"Laws, Linda! It's easy to see how folks 'got de notion of weddercocks. It's de female min' done give it to 'em—norf one minute, souf de nex'; an' de good Lawd only knows how many turns to an hour."

"Dey was made out o' de men," retorted Linda, who, in moments of excitement reverted to the dialect George had never lost or tried to lose. "Dat's enuff to prove whar it cum from. Jes' look in your own house, an' there's Miss 'Lizabeth, steady as de stars, an' Mr. Henry, nebbin' knowin' his own min' an hour to time. It's de female min' that hangs on, an' de odder kind that's fust one side den de odder. You ain't de fust man I've seen couldn't keep to de line nohow, an' you won't be de las'."

George shrugged his shoulders, but made no answer, and Linda, after a pause to make certain that the enemy was entirely routed, retired with flying colors to answer a knock which just then made itself heard.

The visitor, if he had ever known forms, had evidently forgotten them, for, after his hurried "Miss Dun-

bar at home?" he followed Linda into the dining-room, and faced Miss Dunbar as she rose from the table, where she had been sitting lost in thought. He colored slightly as she came toward him with no look of recognition.

"I thought you might know me," he said a little awkwardly; "but twenty years is a long while, and Ethan Pettis the man hasn't much left of Ethan Pettis the boy."

"I was thinking of sending for you this afternoon," Miss Dunbar said simply, as she put out her hand cordially, "so you see how welcome your coming is. I am in great perplexity over the state of things I find here. It is impossible for me to even guess why Henry never told me, but from various things that have come up to me afresh, I am certain that you can help me to understand. You were all young men together, and so united for a time that you must understand motives better than I possibly can. There is a great wrong somewhere, but how or why I cannot tell. Have you time to talk it over at all?"

The lawyer's pale but keen eyes had not left her face as she spoke. They were set in a hard face, thin-lipped, angular and weather-beaten, as if he had been a wood-chopper, his skin having a curious leathery quality—a dull gray owned in common by hair and eyes as well, and giving him the effect of a dusty miller. His coat hung upon the gaunt frame as if thrown there. He was dusty, slouchy, unkempt, with a shock of drab hair standing out wildly where his hands had run through it; yet as he stood there a sense of power came from him—a certainty that, whatever question might arise, here was a man who knew how to answer as well as how to be silent. He sat down near the window, and Miss Dunbar took the chair by it, the light falling strongly on her face, and bringing out the usually scarcely apparent threads of gray in her hair and the faint lines about mouth and eyes as she looked anxiously at him.

"What point do you want to get at?" he said slowly.

"Every point. I want to understand the whole."

"Did Henry ever tell you that he was in love with Martha Wardner?"

"Never. I never had a hint that he cared for any one. In fact, he disliked all women. What has that to do with it?"

"A good deal. Martha Wardner married Prescott Waite. It's a long story. Do you know how the place fell into Henry's hands?"

"Yes—a gambling debt. Poor John never lost that weakness; but I never knew all the circumstances—they were too shocking. What I can't understand is how the other brother became involved. Why has Prescott Waite suffered? I thought till very lately he had died. You can hardly tell how startled I was when I saw his face in church on Sunday."

"Women aren't as quick as they are thought to be sometimes," the lawyer answered after a slow look at the speaker. "It's plain enough. Henry Dunbar never forgave an injury, whether it was real or make-believe. Prescott Waite took his wife from him, and that was reason enough for any cussedness. Beg pardon, but it's just as well to talk plainly and get through. I've always said that Henry had a streak of insanity in him after that fall. Any way his first year in college he was as mild as—well, as mild as you are, or used to be, but his whole disposition altered after he fell from that barn-loft, pitch on to his head, and I'm inclined to think that a sliver of bone may have worked into the brain. Such things have happened, and doctors tell strange stories of changes in character that a post-mortem explains. You were eight years younger, so of course you hadn't come to the time when you'd take much notice, but from that time he went to the bad, except that he kept his head for business. He couldn't be cheated, and he never was cheated to the end, except by himself. You remember what a handsome fellow John Waite was? Prescott, too, only quieter. And you remember we were all in the same class at college and always together?"

"Perfectly," Miss Dunbar said.

"Well, it's a little curious, but we were all in love with Martha Wardner, and all bound to get her, and not a soul told the others. Old Wardner was the Professor of Mathematics, a little spindling, dried-up man, and she was fair and tall and eyes as clear as spring-water. She never gave a sign that anybody could tell by. There were a dozen girls in her set, and it was one everlasting picnic or something going on equivalent to one, but she managed to hold everybody off, and never seemed to care. Henry was certain he should get her. He was the only one of us that had much money. The Waites were well off enough, but the old Judge was a free-liver, and said his boys must learn to provide pretty much for themselves. John was his father's idol; a year older than Prescott, and carrying everything before him. You remember?"

Miss Dunbar had grown a little pale, but she nodded quietly.

"Well, I don't know just how it came, but Henry and I had taken to card-playing, and I kept it up till I found I always lost, and was likely to be swamped in debt, and then I broke off once for all. I've never touched a card from that day to this. But John began where I left off, and was wild over them, and the first words the brothers ever had came when Prescott tried to break it up. Henry liked John, and he could wind him round his finger, but he never could stir Prescott. Well, you know how we all went to law-school together. I haven't forgotten your old house in Portland, or the first vacation there, when you were a slim girl about fourteen, and watching us all. You turned into a woman at the same rate they always do, and I remember when

the next one came and we were all there again that you and John were always together. But you didn't know, any more than Prescott and I did, that John hadn't kept his word, and was playing worse than ever, and so deep in debt that his very soul was mortgaged almost.

"From that night at Cambridge that Prescott told us with just a little twinkle in his eye, that he was to marry Martha Wardner the day after he took his degree, Henry made up his mind he'd ruin him some way; and, well as he liked John, I don't think he minded striking through him. I saw a look on his face as he listened to Prescott that came and went like a flash, but I never forgot it, for the devil himself couldn't have given a worse one. John got over it as easily as he got over everything, and by the next year had fallen in love with another girl—a Virginian, pretty and some money, but no sense; and less, as perhaps you know, before she died. The old Judge had made a good deal of money by his marble quarry, and John thought things would be easy for him, and settled right down. He was a year older, and took for granted he would have the house. The old Judge watched them all awhile. He was a great talker about everything but his own plans, but Martha had great influence with him and managed somehow to keep straight with Mrs. John, who was suspicious and nagging from morning till night, yet couldn't help being fond of Martha. Then John was elected to Congress, and that pleased his father, but it was the finishing touch for him. They were both fond of a gay life, and between play and extravagance of one sort and another, Henry leading him right along in it all, he was in desperate case. The wife died before the first winter ended, and left that child—. By-the-way, you've had an eye to her ever since; is she here?"

"Not yet," Miss Dunbar answered.

"Well—what devil's work went on I don't know," the lawyer continued. "But, as I got it afterward, John made a clean breast at last to his brother, and Prescott begged him to tell his father. John hadn't the courage. He never had faced any music he could get Prescott to face for him. The end of it was, Prescott sold out his shares in the quarry and paid every debt John had made, on condition that he should never touch cards nor drink again; but before the winter and any real test came on the old Judge died. He knew more than they thought, for when the will was opened there was no mention of John. John's children had a certain sum settled on them, but the whole income from the quarry was given to the college, and Prescott got house and the land owned in Lowgate, and a small property, mostly stocks and bonds. It would have suited him just as well, even a year before, for he was a rising man; more holdfast to him than to John, but this trouble had begun in his head. His grandfather went the same way, and we thought his last transaction with John was just the result of that, though he always had helped him over his hard places, and this one seemed to promise fortunes for both. John had gone off on a Western tour, and come back deep in mining interests; and when he came up here for the summer he talked of nothing else. Several of us took shares, for it looked like a capital speculation, as it proved; and John wheedled Prescott at last into signing for him notes for fifteen thousand dollars, on which your brother had loaned the money. It would have all been right. The mine was a fortune for them all, but that old passion for cards was up again. John walked out of your brother's room one night a ruined man, and blew his brains out before morning. Henry saw his chance had come, and swooped



down upon Prescott when the notes came due. The shock seemed to develop his trouble suddenly. He sold off everything and moved into that little house, and that was practically the end of Prescott Waite."

"Had he no friends? How could such a thing be allowed to happen to him?" Miss Dunbar said, wonderingly.

"It was done in a day, as it were. He turned the house over to your brother, with all its contents, selling off the wood-lot and the houses and stock for another claim that John had managed to foist on him. Henry sent men up here and cleared the house out; I suppose, so that nobody could use it in any way. The library was worth several thousand dollars—no better one in the state, and he may have sold that. Is there no mention of it in the will?"

"None. What he supposed he had left me proved nearly worthless, as you know. There was this house, which most certainly is not mine in any but a legal sense, and my Washington property, which is the only dependence now. Henry's speculations had involved a good deal of my fortune before I understood matters at all, but I have enough even now. He seems to have left this place in your charge, and to have given it to me as some indemnity for losses."

"In my charge so far as to give strict orders that no one should be allowed to enter it. It could have been rented many times. In fact, I offered to pay any rent he would ask, but he charged me with meaning to put the Waites back here, and I could not deny it. It was a craze with him, and Prescott Waite was as hard to deal with in another way. I wanted to lend him money, and tried to make things comfortable, but he refused one cent from anybody, took to what he called his trade, and never spoke to a soul if he could help it; but every Sunday for twelve years he has stopped with the child before this house, given a long look, and passed

on. It's an old story now, but I don't like it any better than I did the first day."

"Is there any chance of persuading them to come back here?"

"Not a grain," said the lawyer emphatically. "Anything to be done must be done for the girl, but you see they all have the same feeling. She worships her father, but she's held to herself so that nobody knows her. I go there because I will, and Dr. Cushing the same; and I wanted my girls to like her, but they don't, or, at least, they don't understand her, which amounts to the same thing; and they're light-headed creatures anyway. But now is the time for help, and you know how to give it better than anybody I should say. I'm glad you've come in here to lift the spell. The old place seemed to have a curse on it."

"It will have till this wrong is righted," Miss Dunbar said with almost passionate vehemence, and looking about her as if the old Judge stood there stern and upbraiding. Then she smiled. "I shall find a way," she said more lightly. "There will be a way, and if need comes I shall ask you to make it plainer."

"Ask anything you like," the lawyer said kindly, and looking at her with an interest he made no attempt to disguise. "Tell me now, if you will, a little about your own life. You have had John's child for a good many years. Ten, isn't it?"

"Twelve. She is twenty now. I will show her to you."

Miss Dunbar left the room, and the lawyer rose and moved about uneasily, walking from point to point as if expecting to find familiar objects, and shaking his head as he looked around.

"It's time something was done," he muttered, as Miss Dunbar's light step was heard in the hall. "I wonder—yes, I guess she is the one to do it, but I'd like to make it look like old times."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## UNANSWERED.

He dwelt on the mountains, and day by day  
The wild game followed with staff and gun;  
But he sadder grew as the shadows gray  
Possessed the pines, and the day was done.  
Then he saw not the moon or the evening star,  
But ever sought out with his longing gaze  
A twinkling light in the valley afar,  
Where a cottage crouched in a garden's maze.  
And oft in the silence he made his moan:  
"What valley maiden lives there alone?"

One day his passion and pain he wrote  
In burning words on a bit of bark,  
Which, dressed with heather, he set afloat  
On the torrent's bosom—a fairy ark—  
That still might bear to the valley maid  
(If maid's the lamp that he watched of nights)  
The tale of one who had grown afraid  
Of solitude on the airy heights.  
"It may be," he thought, "that she never knows  
Of the rocks and rills where the heather blows."

She lived in the valley, and all day long  
Her garden tended with beaming eyes,  
But ever at eve, when the night-bird's song  
Rang sharp, she turned to her cot with sighs;  
Nor marked the moon or the evening star,

But suffered her lingering gaze to rest  
On a light that glanced from the crags afar,  
Where a cabin clung like an eagle's nest.  
And oft, all low to her heart, she said:  
"What mountain hunter there rests his head?"

One day the tale of her longings sweet,  
With a wreath of roses, she tied with care  
To a captive falcon that long had beat  
His gilded bars for the mountain air,  
And oped the cage, that unto the youth  
(If youth, indeed, on the rocks abode)  
Might be borne the story of one whose truth  
And beauty alone in the valley glowed.  
"It may be," she thought, "that he cannot know  
Of the meadows and streams where roses blow."

The boat of bark, by the wave down led,  
Comes sailing at last the maid to greet,  
And the soaring hawk, by a bullet sped,  
Flutters at last to the hunter's feet;  
But he, not reading the tale she tells,  
But views in wonder the roses' wreath;  
And she but snatches the heather-bells,  
Nor marks the message hid underneath.  
"O peaks," she sighs, "where the heather blows!"  
"O vale," he murmurs, "where blooms the rose!"

NATHAN D. URNAER.



It is strange that raw sugar and honor are the only things imperatively requiring blood for their clarification—hog's blood will do for the one, but only fool's blood will answer for the other.

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"WHY did you change the cover of *THE CONTINENT*?" In one form or another the inquiry comes to us from all quarters. It reminds us of an incident that happened several years ago. We were living at a place that had been christened "Carpet-bag Lodge." Perhaps because of its name the neighbors were not inclined to intrusive hospitality. We sat beneath our vine and fig tree in undisturbed and solitary content. It was a pleasant place. The grove of giant oaks in front gave plenteous shade in summer, dropped its acorns lavishly in the autumn, and as winter came on heaped its brown leaves all around to make amends for the coverlet of snow that, in that latitude, rarely overspreads the earth. In front of the lawn we determined to build a bank-wall. If it pursued the right line, which custom prescribed, one of the great oaks must come down. Two tender gray eyes were dimmed with tears at the very thought. So the course of wall was changed and the tree was spared. As soon as that point in its construction was reached where the curve became apparent, no little discussion was evident among the passers-by in regard to it. At length Neighbor Mc—, who lived a little farther down the "big road," noticed it as he went by. It worried him. After a moment's hesitation, seeing the owner on the porch, he opened the gate for the first time during our occupancy, and approaching the steps he said with a tone and manner peculiar to himself: "Did you know there was a crook in that wall you're building?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Did it on purpose then, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, I don't want ter interfere, but ef ye hain't got no objection, I would jes' like to know what ye did it fer?"

"I don't mind telling you, Mac, that the chief reason was to induce my neighbors to call in and ask about it."

"Jes' so," said the old Scottish-descended Carolinian without relaxing a muscle of his countenance—"jes' so. Wal, ez fur ez I'm concerned it's worked pretty well. Good evening."

Sure enough, the inquiry concerning the crooked wall was the precursor of many a pleasant chat with one of the most quaintly humorous men it has ever been our fortune to know. "Inquire within" is a full and complete answer in regard to the changes of our cover.

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M. RENAN, in his lately-published volume,<sup>1</sup> in which he narrates the causations rather than the events of his youth, deploring the fact that he has devoted his life to historical studies, declares that "the time is not far distant when man will cease to concern himself greatly about his

past." This is a new method of stating an old mystery. In religion the older a dogma is the more sacred it becomes. In science the latest thought is always accounted the best. In law and politics the struggle between new doctrines, founded on irrefutable reasoning, and old experience, based on conditions that can never be realized again, is always going on. The field of precedent is daily growing narrower, and that of logic daily growing wider. Why the past should be taken as a guide in religion and government, and rejected in science, is a problem that no man can answer. Why the method of education that prevailed two hundred years ago should continue, in the main, to prevail in our colleges, is a query which few thoughtful men would readily undertake to answer. We are told that the purpose of education is to prepare men for life, yet Mr. Adams was entirely right when he declared, at the recent alumni banquet at Harvard, that such was not its result. In truth, except a skinned eel or a shelled lobster, few things are worse provided for the struggle of life than the average graduate. He may be a strong man—indeed, he must be a man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor to have had strength enough to turn away from the paths which reason and instinct lead him to pursue to the curriculum, the only argument for which is a mental discipline which it does not give. The fact that college-bred men succeed in life is due not so much to the training they have had as to the fact that they represent the survival of the fittest in a peculiar degree. They are the most ambitious, the most determined and the most patient of the generation that began life with them. From such natural selection, the wonder is not that there are so many examples of success, but that there are so many instances of failure.

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THERE is one side of the controversy which Mr. Adams' speech has re-opened, on which less stress has been laid by those who have attempted to reply to his objections than any other, yet to our mind it is the most serious—the power that is acquired over the English language by a thorough knowledge of its most numerous families of derivations. The Greek and Latin elements of our language are undoubtedly what give it flexibility, richness and subtlety of expression. The words that lend to it the most exquisite of its shadings—its sunny heights and woodland shadows—are nearly all of classic origin. What has come to us from the Saxon has come inflexible, clear and positive. What we have gathered from contemporary languages, we have taken with all the conditions and limitations which we found affecting them in their original tongues. With the Greek and Latin, however, these restricting conditions have not only disappeared, but are only dimly understood at best. The germ of meaning in the classic derivative is, therefore, susceptible of much more plastic treatment than the other elements of our language permit. From age to age the significance of this great host of words varies as our growth and changing forms of life demand. Without abandoning the derivative tenor of a classic term, the writer whose style is the best and freest and boldest flexes the significance of a

(1) "RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH." By Ernest Renan. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 50 cents.

word here and there, until his page gleams with the light of new suggestion, clothed in familiar words. By some new or half-suggested significance he opens new fields of fancy, or sheds a new light on some old thought, that is thus made picturesque even in ruin. This power can only be acquired by a study of the classic tongues sufficiently thorough to make the action of the mind upon specific words entirely unconscious. The study of mere derivation may give knowledge of accepted significations, but only the study of the originals can give freedom in that use of derivatives which imparts to a common word a signification at once easily apprehended by all having a reasonable familiarity with our own language, and yet absolutely new perhaps to the author himself. Judging simply from our own experience, and the pleasure which we have derived from this element in the best English writers, we are inclined to consider it of infinitely more value than any other result of classic study.

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ONE of our contemporaries gives a very extended and interesting account of the government of China by means of civil service competitive examinations, but fails to intimate that the completeness of its system may be one of the causes of the lethargy and decay that have marked the course of the Celestial Empire. At the same time, there comes from all the more intelligent and unprejudiced sources of East Indian opinion a protest against the machine-made men who are put into places of responsibility and power by the operation of a similar system there. The experiment that has lately been put into operation by our government with such a wonderful flourish of trumpets, is the work of a visionary who has dreamed to his own advantage, yet the objection made to it by the *Sun* in a recent issue—that it is designed to keep in place a vast preponderance of Republican officials, even after that party may have been retired from power—is by no means the strongest that can be urged against it. The whole system is founded on a series of fallacies, and has been foisted upon us by a lot of catch-words, each one more misleading than the last. It is, perhaps, as good a time as any to try the experiment of this patent substitute for an enlightened public sentiment—this new-fangled method of making honest men and capable men by statute; but it is well that we should remember that it is only an experiment. In every respect, it is in direct conflict with the spirit of our institutions, and its first result is to supply the defect which Mr. Henry James declares that every Europeanized-American feels most keenly on his return to his native land—the absence of an apparent government. We have, he tells us, “no movement, no officials, no authority, no embodiment of the state . . . no functionaries, no officers, no uniforms, no badges, no restrictions.” It is no doubt a sad thing that the line of demarcation between the citizen and the official is so very attenuated. It is true that the American citizen is a king, but all the same, he ought to have a retinue of officials to mark the collective authority of the whole. This essential separation of the citizen from the official is the first aim of the system just inaugurated. The farther consequences of a life-tenure of office and the increase of the pension list necessarily following upon its adoption, will not develop fully for a considerable time, but they are facts that one not blinded by a silly prejudice can well perceive must be inevitable. As we have before pointed out, under a widespread demand for some sort of change in our civil service, a revolution was effected whose details were neither carefully considered nor at all understood by the bulk of its promoters. This change is not grounded in the Constitution. Any President can brush away the flimsy web and act upon his own constitutional judgment. Such a course, on the part of a Democratic President, would secure to his party an indefinite term of power, and probably result, after a considerable time, in

a modification of our civil service more in consonance with the spirit of our institutions.

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A FORMER term of meritorious service may, it seems, be construed as equivalent to passing an examination under the new civil service rules. At least we are glad to infer this from the appointment of Miss Van Lew to a first-class clerkship at Washington. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's personal enemies can find joints enough in his official armor without making her appointment uncomfortable for this most deserving lady. Even if she draws her salary—which amounts to the munificent sum of \$1200 a year—almost as if it were a pension, she is welcome to it in the eyes of every one who was loyal to the United States during the four years of civil war. Miss Van Lew was beyond question the most daring and efficient friend of the Union and of Union prisoners, who ever successfully defied Confederate authority in Richmond. She managed constantly to convey valuable information to General Grant, thereby, of course, risking summary execution as a spy. She helped many a sick and wounded captive Yankee, and could always be depended upon to side with suspected Unionists as against the Confederate authorities. All this evinced a courage and force of character rare indeed, and her appointment as postmistress of Richmond, after the war, was generally regarded with favor at the North, more especially as she proved herself capable of managing the office to the satisfaction of all concerned. When President Hayes removed her to make room for a politician, he sacrificed the good opinion of many previously staunch adherents. If there is no possible way of securing a pension for this patriotic woman we hope she will be carried on the rolls of the Post-Office Department during the rest of her life. Possibly the foregoing may not altogether coincide with the views of our Southern readers. Indeed we can hardly blame them for not cherishing a lively affection for such a thorn as she proved to be in the Confederate side. But then something must be pardoned to Northern fanaticism, which knows no better, and which after all has some presumptive rights which are entitled to consideration under the circumstances.

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It is a favorite argument with the free-trade economists that the United States have been more benefited by the free trade between the states than by the exclusion of foreign competition by means of duties on imports. In a sense this is true. The absence of any restriction upon trade between the states unquestionably built up the manufactures of the North. But how about the South? Considering that region and its material interests alone, what was the effect of this unrestricted traffic between the states upon her manufacturing facilities and industries? The effect of a three-years' blockade of her ports, and a double cordon of soldiers along her northern border during the war, should be a sufficient answer to this. There was more invention, enterprise and successful manufacture stimulated during that time than during fifty years previous. The South raised cotton and tobacco and sugar—the things it raised most easily and which found the readiest market. It imported from the North a large part of its grain, forage and almost all manufactured articles. No sequence of crops was maintained, because no variety of product was deemed desirable. As a result, the lands were worn and impoverished, the mechanic industries starved, its stores of coal and iron remained untouched, and its prosperity was so thoroughly crippled that the beginning of growth in its manufactures, as shown at the recent expositions of its products and wares, is regarded with wonder and almost with incredulity. If the South had been able to protect itself against the products of Northern manufacture, and had done so, there would never have



been the same disparity in prosperity and intelligence between the sections that existed when the war began. Considered by itself, the South is an excellent example of the results of free-trade—the policy of buying abroad whatever you can import cheaper than you can produce at home.

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THE story of the Sepoy mutiny is also the story of Lord Lawrence, whose biography forms one of the most fascinating and stimulating ones that has been given for many years.<sup>1</sup> It is especially so as contrasted with the analytic biographies we have had of late, though few lives hold such intense action and as much picturesque material on which to draw. It is a life lived chiefly in India, for he was hardly more than a boy when the Indian life began, one chapter of the two bulky volumes covering this period, and the three final ones his last days at home. Mr. Bosworth Smith, though he may possibly be accused of giving too highly-colored a picture, has done his work with rare fidelity, and with an enthusiasm that communicates itself to the reader, and he is to be excused if the magnificent character studied here makes him more a partisan than is needed.

The life divides itself into five periods: "His boyhood in England, as scholar at Clifton, at Foyle and Haileybury College, and at Wrexham School; his connection with the India Civil Service, as cadet and magistrate, from 1829 to 1846; his chief commissionership, first of the Trans-Sutlej States and afterward of the Punjab, from 1846 to 1858; his four years of Viceroyship; and his final ten years of retirement in England, from 1869 to 1879, in which latter year he died."

The chapter on his early life at home is filled with deepest interest for every one who follows the chain of cause and effect, and who will see in the characters of both father and mother ample reason for both the peculiarities and the magnificent qualities that were never on the surface; that showed themselves at first in simply a dogged persistency in any task set him, and an almost fabulous capacity for hard work. Patience, endurance, inflexible rectitude are all slow and seldom sparkling virtues; and the gaunt, loose-jointed commissioner made at first fewer friends than his more brilliant brother. In fact, while a man of deep affections, he had few of the graces that insure popularity, though he mellowed with age, and came to be one of the most popular men in England—rather for what he had done, however, than from any personal effort toward this end. But he was a fascinating story-teller, modest where his own share in events was concerned, but eager to give full credit to every associate or subordinate; and the history of his Indian life is one of perpetual adventure, of marvelous endurance, of a judgment that never failed, and an insight that made him the one man for the terrible emergency. It was simple justice that made him Viceroy of India when his remarkable career as Chief Commissioner of the Punjab came to an end, and he was as successful in promoting peace as in quelling war. Such sanitary reform as was brought about is mainly due to him. Education was stimulated, public works carried on, and his administration laid the foundation on which all subsequent work has rested. Through this web of divers interests ran one golden thread bright to the last, a home-life almost ideal in its quality. Years after his marriage he was as lover-like as in the beginning, having married his wife because, as he said, he "could not do five minutes without her." And when the end came, and the strong man lay dying and almost unconscious, and the wife asked that last pitiful question so many dying ears have heard, "Do you know me?" he answered clearly, "To the last gasp, my darling," the final word of a great and very loving soul.

(1) LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE. By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A. In 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 484, 567, \$3.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



MR. CROSS is now at work preparing for publication the long and minute diary kept by his wife, George Eliot, the larger part of her life.

D. & J. SADLER & Co. have issued Moore's "Irish Melodies" in a cheap but well-printed edition, with a memoir and notes by Mr. John Savage.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE, undaunted by his imprisonment, is now engaged in writing a work on Finland, depending upon his extraordinary memory for many of his authorities.

F. ANSTEV, otherwise Mr. Guthrie, the author of "Vice-Versa," which has been one of the most popular novels of the year, is the son of a London tailor, and not yet twenty-six years old.

MR. JAMES PAYN, the novelist, has by no means reached old age, and is the author of some thirty-three novels, yet he assured a friend lately that he was an exceedingly slow worker, producing not over three or four pages per day.

BUT three copies are in existence of the autobiography dictated by Richard Wagner to his wife. After these three copies—of four volumes each—were finished, the MS., the proofs and the revises were all destroyed. Wagner kept one of the three copies, gave one to his son, and the third to Franz Liszt.

THE readers of *The American Queen*, which under the new management has made a notable advance in merit, will recall an amusing little essay in rhyme written by Miss Josephine Pollard, illustrated by Walter Satterlee, and entitled "Co-education." It appears now in book form as a bit of summer literature, and the four chapters are not only amusing but sensible and suggestive. (Paper, 25 cents; Ernest F. Birmingham & Co., New York).

A MOST depressing little novel, the evolution of which is in full harmony with the author's name, is to be found in "Alice; or, the Wages of Sin," by P. W. Pangborn. The plot is too markedly unpleasant to make it meet the wants of Sunday-school libraries, but the moral is aggressively prominent on every page. The lessons may be useful, but the manner of their presentation will hardly win readers. (Paper, pp. 119, 25 cents; Charles T. Dillingham, New York).

AN excellent little guide-book, entitled "Colorado Springs and Manitou," has been prepared by Edwards Roberts, fully illustrated, and containing careful descriptions of the various springs, with an analysis of their waters, and the opinions of various physicians as to their healing qualities. The expenses of living, both in hotel and boarding-house, as well as the cost of housekeeping, are given in full, and the guide will be of value to all who plan a journey to this point.

WE have received from Ottawa, Canada, a pamphlet and maps issued by the American Canoe Association, and descriptive of Stony Lake, on one of the picturesque islands of which the association will hold its summer encampment during the second week in August. The maps are from the elaborate surveys of the Canada Land Office, and show not only the vicinity of Stony Lake, but the whole of the attractive camping and hunting grounds included within the borders of the Dominion.

JANSEN, McCLURG & Co. add to their "Biographies of

Musicians" the "Life of Haydn," by Louis Nohl. Translated from the German by George P. Upton. It is an abridgement as well as a translation, but the work is gracefully and carefully done, and the volume is one of the most charming of the series. Haydn was not only a great musician but a most lovable man, still known among his countrymen as "Papa Haydn," and the present volume is an excellent introduction to one of the masters. (12mo, pp. 194, \$1.25).

"THE LITERARY WORLD," always judicial and reasonable, mentions Mr. Howells and Mr. James as "novelists of first-rate abilities, writing with second-rate purposes on second or third-rate materials. Nothing," it adds, "that either Mr. Howells or Mr. James has yet written has earned him a foremost place among writers of fiction; and though quantity of performance must be taken into account as well as quality, in estimating a writer's rank, yet we count no 'reaction' 'foolish,' and trust it will not be 'temporary,' which tempers a wild and patriotic adulation into just and sober criticism. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, even in literature."

DAUDET is the French Dickens. He says himself, in speaking of *Désirée Delobelle*, the little lame girl in "*Sidonie*:" "Andre Gill told me that in one of Dickens' novels, which I had not read, '*Our Mutual Friend*,' there was exactly the same character as a lame little 'Doll's Dressmaker,' which the great novelist had depicted with his profound tenderness for the humble and poor. I remembered then how often I had been compared to Dickens, and how often the great resemblance between '*David Copperfield*' and '*La Petit Chose*' had been pointed out to me. I feel in my heart Dickens' love for the lowly, for the unhappy childhood of little ones reared in the squalor and misery of a great city; I too had a heartrending struggle for existence, and earned my bread before I was sixteen; therein lies, I fancy, our greatest resemblance."

THE biography of the late orientalist, Edward Henry Palmer, written by Mr. Walter Besant, shows him to have been truly what Mr. Besant calls a "wonderkind." "His work in the university and in literature was ceaseless and of the highest value. He took to journalism toward the last year or two, and wrote for the reviews. He edited the '*Survey of Western Palestine*,' and translated the Bible into Persian. He wrote burlesques and acted them. He became a consummate conjuror." Charles G. Leland, who became his friend through their mutual interest in gypsies, speaks of Palmer's incredible proficiency at thimblery, ringing the changes, picking pockets, card-sharping, three-card monte, and every kind of legerdemain, and adds: "Woe to the gypsy sharp who tried the cards on the professor!" He possessed mesmeric power in no ordinary degree, and some wonderful feats are recorded.

An exchange describes one of the last of the Simon-pure Bohemians in Anton Dvořák, the eminent musician and composer of the "*Stabat Mater*," that has lately attracted much attention. He lives in an unfashionable and intricate quarter of Bohemia's ancient capital—one of the most picturesque of European cities. The visitor to him must climb up stair after stair, amid darkness, dust and cobwebs, to a large sky-parlor, well lighted but scantily furnished, and with no carpet on the floor. A small bed, a large piano, and numerous piles of wine and beer bottles loom up through the tobacco-smoke that fills the air. At a table in the centre of the room, probably, is seated the composer, coatless, unkempt, smoking a huge china-bowled pipe, with a capacious tankard of beer in easy reach, and overhead not a halo of glory but his body-linen, fresh from the wash-tub, drying on clothes-lines that run criss-cross from corner to corner of the room.

THE story of "Sam Hobart," by the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., one of the latest issues in the "Standard Library," will be read with especial interest by all inter-

ested in the labor question, the sub-title being "A Workingman's Solution of the Labor Problem." "Sam Hobart" was a locomotive engineer, and the object of the book, according to the preface, is "to portray the possibilities of happiness and usefulness within the reach of a workingman, content to fill the sphere of usefulness awarded him, and willing to lend a helping hand to do work for God and man lying near him and waiting for him." The record is one of deep interest, and the book will undoubtedly find a large circle of readers, though there are some who will be likely to feel that an engineer with train at full speed and his Bible open before him sets a precedent that we may devoutly pray may not be followed by others. (Paper, pp. 252, 25 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York).

A GREAT service has been rendered, not only to Bible readers, but to the lovers of noble thought and aspiration among all peoples, by the Rev. Martin R. Schermerhorn in his "*Sacred Scriptures of the World*," the sub-title of which best expresses its plan and purpose, "Being selections of the most devotional and ethical portions of the ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, to which have been added kindred selections from other ancient Scriptures of the world. Designed for common use in churches, schools and homes, or wherever else the devout and moral teachings of the Word may be needed for purposes of religious inspiration or of ethical instruction." Mr. Moncure D. Conway's "*Sacred Anthology*" covered somewhat the same ground, but was on a much smaller scale. The present compilation is for the general reader, almost a final and authoritative one, and those who may have never compared the Christian Scriptures with the national Bibles that preceded them will be amazed at the similarity of thought, often of expression. A letter from Max Müller is given with the opening pages of the volume, in which his catholic and generous mind speaks words that hold a truth we shall reach in time: "The true religion of the future will be the fulfillment of all the religions of the past, the true religion of humanity, that which, in the struggle of history, remains as the indestructible portion of all the so-called false religions of mankind. . . . All religions, so far as I know them, had the same purpose; all were links in a chain which connects Heaven and earth, and which is held, and always was held, by one and the same hand." The book is a handsome octavo, printed and bound with the taste and simplicity which distinguish the Putnams, and should find place at once as the best selection of the kind yet made. (8vo, pp. 406, \$3.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons).

#### NEW BOOKS.

THE ATLANTIC COAST. By Daniel Ammen. The Navy in the Civil War, II. 12mo, pp. 273, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GULF AND INLAND WATERS. By A. T. Mahan. The Navy in the Civil War, III. 12mo, pp. 267, \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

RECENT WONDERS IN ELECTRICITY. Electric Lighting, Magnetism, etc., including Articles by Dr. Siemens, F. R. S., Count Du Moncel and Prof. Thompson. Edited by Henry Greer. Illustrated 8vo, pp. 168, \$2.00. 122 East Twenty-sixth St., New York.

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY. Their Agreements and Disagreements. By the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise. 8vo, pp. 123, \$1.00. Bloch & Co., Publishers, Cincinnati.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol. V, Mexico. Vol. II, 1521-1600. 8vo, pp. 790, \$5.00. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER. By the author of "Morning and Night Watches." 32mo, pp. 123, 25 cents. A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

THOSE PRETTY ST. GEORGE GIRLS. A Society Novel. 16mo, pp. 346, \$1.25. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

POEMS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN. By Charles Leonard Moore. Square 12mo, pp. 334, \$2.00. John Potter & Co., Philadelphia.

HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN. "Round Robin Series." 16mo, pp. 342, \$1.00. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.



This is little Simpkins, the inoffensive book-keeper of "The American Boy's Own." On the right is Mrs. O'Rafferty, who "wants to see" the author of "The Young Scalp-Takers," which tale led her Mike to run away, westward-bound, with a view to fighting Indians. On the left is a gentleman from Judkin's Gulch, who "wants to know" if he (Simpkins) is the man who wrote "The Boy Housebreakers," the novelette that lured Jake Judson to a metropolitan career, already terminated in the city prison. N. B.—The Editor is hiding under the "exchange" table.

#### Jerry Greening's Sayings.

"HOMES, now-a-days, seems t' be simply places whar th' brats hev their own way 'bout ev'rything, an' whar married men go when they can't find no other place t' set 'round in."

"It's poor pol'y fer a man t' want t' borrow money on th' plea that he's extremely poor."

"Ef time is money, they's a good many people has more money than they know what t' do with, I reckon."

"I claim it's sheer nonsense fer a man t' teach his servants t' lie fer *him*, an' then blame 'em when they lie fer themselves."

"Cigar in mouth an' a silk plug hat don't allers make th' gentl'man: skunks has fine fur."

"Teachin' that there's a way t' 'scape th' cons'quences o' sin is jest as bad as givin' free license t' do evil."

"Canady thistle loves th' lazy farmer."

"Some women's fond o' publishin' their husbands' faults, forgettin' that they're a-tellin' their own 't th' same time."

"It's as seldom ye see editors bred t' th' bizness, as ye find th' bizness bread t' th' editors."

"In marryin' allers choose a small woman in pref'rence t' a big one, 'cause of two evils you're sure t' git th' least."

"Wit bought is a heap better than wit taught."

"Th' only thing that holds a pretty girl's hand 'thout squeezin' it is a muff."

"Tailors an' undertakers is like woodcock—they live by their long bills."

"A coquette is a woman 'thout any heart thet makes a fool o' a man that ain't got any head."

CHAS. H. WELLS.

#### Curiosities in Literature.

THE prospectus of a *Normal School* which was handed me a few days ago surpasses, with one notable exception, anything of the kind I've ever seen, and its curious phraseology certainly indicates new *methods* in composition. I quote:

"Branches of study will be pursued only in the most

practical details of their application, and the methods employed will be wholly demonstrative. The student will be required, with the aid of his teacher, to make the demonstration himself, so that there will be seen, sporting upon our 'Play-ground of Science,' *other characters than memory alone.*

"The *personal habits* of the student, as well as *mental culture*, will be *closely observed*, this being an essential part of a practical education. Well-polished ladies and gentlemen *shall* be the result of our efforts.

"Students coming here will be made to feel right at home; they will receive a warm welcome from the citizens, and will be made to realize that selfishness, here, has felt its death, and that *philanthropy in man coalescing undertakes regeneration's work.*

"Students will have the advantage of a most complete teacher's course, where they can have an opportunity for exchanging ideas with teachers from various schools and of various grades of experience, thus *discovering the many methods employed in dispatching the many obstacles* that so often perplex the inexperienced teachers of our common schools."

#### Deaf and Dumb.

THE inmates of a farm-house in Camden, Indiana, had their sympathies appealed to by a call from a man who, with very meek and pitiful gestures, presented a written petition asking aid for a poor "deaf and dumb man."

While the women were reading the petition, a large watch-dog came rushing round the house and bounded toward the man with a savage growl, which so alarmed him that he shouted, "Get out, sir!" in a loud, clear voice.

Not a word was said, though unutterable glances were exchanged, as the man snatched the paper and walked rapidly away.

#### A Precocious Critic.

A CHILD seven years old, on being asked to take part in a Sabbath-school concert, said: "No, I had rather look on and see the others make mistakes. I know it's wicked, but I'd rather do it!"



